EDWARD J. HIGGINS GENERAL
International Headquarters, London

WILLIAM BOOTH
FOUNDER

EVANGELINE BOOTH
Commander U.S.A. Forces.

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN THE
CENTRAL (U.S.A.) TERRITORY

No. 457

Ten Cents

NORTH DAKOTA | KANSAS | MINNESOTA | WISCONSIN | MICHIGAN | IOWA | ILLINOIS | INDIANA | NEBRASKA | SOUTH DAKOTA | MISSOURI

COMMISSIONER JOHN McMILLAN
Territorial Commander

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1929

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
719 N. State St. Chicago, Ill.

THE LORD OF THE HARVEST

Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;
Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather them all for the Home on high.

THE WAR CRY
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN THE CENTRAL TERRITORY

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1929.
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, President.
JOHN McMILLAN, First Vice-President.
ALEXANDER M. DAMON, Vice-President.
THOMAS B. LAURIE, Treasurer.
BERTRAM C. RODDA,
Editor-in-Chief.
Issued Once a Week.
THE SALVATION ARMY, Inc.,
Publishers and Proprietors.
State and Superior Streets, Chicago, Illinois.
Single Copies . . . . . 10 cents.
Subscription Price . . . . $4.00 per year.
Entered as second-class matter January 1, 1921, at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on January 6, 1921. No. 457.

Just Between US

BUBBLES

DO YOU remember that little song of the not-long-ago,

"I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air."

Alas! that too many of us told the truth, unwittingly perhaps, but nevertheless a fact.

There are many kinds of pretty bubbles. Blowing bubbles when we are six is a bit of fun, but certainly a waste of time when we are older.

It makes no difference how pretty a bubble may be nor how rainbow-hued, they still are bubbles and perish with a puff of wind. We all have experienced the bitter disappointment when we have seen our largest and best-blown bubbles collapse in the first wind of adversity.

What is our ambition? To spend our life, our time, our strength on the petty enjoyments of small desires, to be the best-dressed man on the avenue, or to have more dances than the other woman? The first thing you know, your bubble is going to burst.

If we would build a stately mansion, we must have foundations, which will be built on the rock of character. Then we will not be dismayed nor fearful when the winds of adversity blow, for our house will stand.

Let us have foundations rather than bubbles.—K. K.

Let the Salvation Army Carry Out Your Plans

By naming the Salvation Army for a legacy you can, in addition to aiding its work while you are with us—and we hope you may long continue in health and strength—help provide for its perpetuation and extension after you have gone.

The following form of bequest may be used. Any information or advice will be gladly furnished on application, direct or through legal advisers, to Commissioner John T. McMillan, 719 N. State St., Chicago:

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give, devise and bequeath unto the Salvation Army, a Corporation under the laws of the State of Illinois, $..... or..... property, absolutely for the use and purposes of said Religious and Charitable Corporation in support of its religious and charitable work.

(If it is desired that money be used for any particular branch of work, it should be here stated.)

All checks should be made payable to the Salvation Army.

Signed .....

I LOVE THEE, MY SAVIOR!

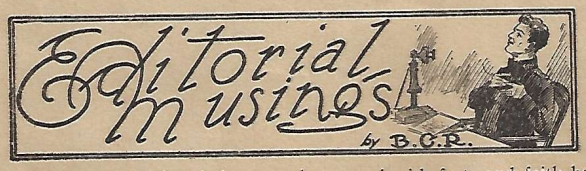
Come, oh come with me where love is beaming,
Come, oh come with we where light is streaming,
Light and love divine in Christ revealing
God Himself to you and me.

Chorus

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I love Thee, my Savior!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I'll trust but in Thee!

Come with all thy sins, although like a mountain,
Come unto the Cross from whence a Fountain
Flows divinely clear to heal the nations,
Come and wash and make you clean.

None can be too vile for love so beaming,
None can be too dark for light so streaming,
Christ can make you whole through faith believing,
Full salvation give to you.



ARE YOUR surface-judgments your final-judgments? If so, change your habit. A bar of steel which would market for $5.00, when wrought into horseshoes is worth $10.00. When made into needles it is worth $350.00. If into penknive-blades, $32,000.00. If into watch-springs it is worth $250,000.-00.

The Salvation Army has to stretch its vision all the time when handling the handicapped and underprivileged. Surprising what is hidden in the raw exterior. Occasionally it comes out in terms of watch-springs. It, at least, produces horseshoes. No bad-luck in that!

* * *

ARE YOU a skyrocket or an acetylene torch? In raising this question we borrow our figures from Herbert Kaufman. Some men are loaded to the gunwales with display and are dazzling decorations while the rocket is in action. Others prefer to have less of the Beau Brummell and the pyrotechnics; they settle down to give to the world the benefit of something that burns steadily and illumines constantly.

William Booth recognized the advertising value of the skyrocket, but he subordinated it altogether to the constructive and today his is a household name in every country of the world, and the results of his life's work stand as an acetylene torch lighting the way to millions in 86 countries of the world.

* * *

AN ANALYSIS of the attributes of big business men reveals that in addition to enthusiasm, frankness, soundness of judgment and faith in their associates, they regularly kept their business cleaned up to date.

Former President Coolidge recently stated that during his occupancy of the White House he "cleaned up all business every day." Much hung upon his decisions, but he could not permit delays. He trusted his collaborators but armed with facts and faith he did not gum up the machinery of the nation by unnecessary and protracted delays. To have done so would have betrayed incompetence and malfeasance. Does the cap fit?

* * *

OBIIT! Hardly correct, but for the time being these "Musings" will cease to impose themselves upon the reader's patience and thought. As previously announced, the writer is vacating his position as Editor-in-Chief.

He desires, however, to take this medium of thanking the readers of this column for their patient hearing and forbearance. To those who have kindly written him from many lands, expressing appreciation of the column, he is particularly indebted. He is also not without appreciation to those who have thought otherwise.

While in a sense this column may have been somewhat of a departure from the customary course of Salvation Army journalism, that in itself may have justified its making its bow.

The new editorial pen will be wielded with wide experience and rich literary taste and this writer warmly commends to his old constituents a continuation of their interest in the editorial columns.

Should a continuance of these "Musings" be desired at some later date the writer hopes that he may be able to present his offerings under a new name and in another part of this magazine.

The knowledge that the "Musings" have been of help and interest to not a few, has been sufficient compensation for the work involved. Wishing you all every blessing in that realm which counts for most.

Cordially and fraternally,

Foreign Brevities

HOLLAND

Very interesting news comes from Limburg, a Catholic Province. The newly-opened Corps at Terwinselen has been compelled to enlarge its hall, and the D. C. recently swore-in eleven soldiers. A number of Juniors have also been sworn-in, and considering the difficulties which surround our work in this part the progress has been really wonderful.

The Women's Social Secretary, Major Jacobs, recently arranged a midnight meeting in a hall near where the midnight officers usually work. Tickets were given out to poor girls beforehand, and the meeting started at 11:30 p. m.

While a company of officers sang songs, the guests had coffee, sandwiches and fruit. Several officers spoke, among them Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Westergaard. Many of the girls were moved to tears, and repeatedly expressed their love and respect for the midnight officers. Two days afterwards one of the girls came to one of the Social Homes and gave her heart to God. We have since been able to get her a situation, and she is now happy and well.

DUTCH EAST INDIES

Light for Lepers. The electric light installation for our Leper Colony at Koendoer, Sumatra, gifted by the National Royal Oil Company and Planters' Association, consists of:

Plant and 6½ H. P. machine and Dynamo.
Poles and wires all over Colony.
Fittings and lamps for all houses, wards, etc., each little house having its light, and big lamps for the Colony.

Everybody is delighted! The ceremony of acceptance included the flooding of the Colony with electric light. It was a great event and a great-hearted gift.

FINLAND

A sign of the great appreciation of Salvation Army work in Finland is that the Helsingfors Town Government has given free a site for the erection of the Central Social Buildings. This means a gift of about two million Finnish marks. When we take into consideration that many Socialists and even Communists are among the members of the Town Council, this is a great victory for the Army. The site was dedicated during a recent Congress.

AUSTRALIA, SOUTH

Commissioner Whatmore writes regarding the Timber Workers' Strike: "Thousands of men are out of work and there is a great amount of suffering and want. We have rented, for temporary use, three warehouses, two of which, in addition to our own Shelter, are being used for sleeping the men, and the other for the distribution of meals.

"One of the newspapers, 'The Herald,' has appealed for funds and is assisting us, and in addition we have money coming direct to us.

"In addition to providing shelter and meals, we are doing a tremendous thing with old clothes. Large baskets are placed at the Railway Station, and people bring parcels of clothing which are in due course passed on to us. Queues of men, women and children line up, and all day long clothing is being distributed to them."

HENRY DRUMMOND

in addressing an assembly of women, said:

After you have been kind—after Love has stolen forth into the world, and done its beautiful work—go back into the shade again, and say nothing about it.

'WHERE ARE YOUR NINE?

LONG ago ten were cleansed and one returned to praise God—while the query naturally arose, "Where are the nine?" Through the long years since, men have read and blamed the ingratitude of the nine who did not return. Today one is received where there might be ten if the one went to the task as Jesus planned. Is it not time, then, to blame the one for the ingratitude that forgets to go after the nine? And if this is true—where are your nine?

TRIED AND PROVED

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Philippians 1:21.

A WORKER on the Clyde was caught in some machinery and fatally injured. His mates gathered round to comfort and cheer him while waiting for the ambulance. "This is awfu' agony," said Lundy, "but it will soon be over, and it will be weel wi' me then." After a pause he continued, "Ye all ken hoo I trusted Jesus as ma' Savior two years sin'. He is precious to ma' noo!" Soon his spirit left the mangled body and he went to meet his Maker.

BEFORE YOU SPEAK

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold;
These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
Then "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer, and the next
Is last and closest, "Is it kind?"
And if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

GOLD DUST

ANY profession of Jesus Christ which brings no cross is all nonsense.

If the voice of God tells you a path is right today, it cannot tell you tomorrow that the same path is wrong.

Love, hidden in the soul, prays constantly, even when the mind is drawn another way.

If you cannot be great, bewilling to serve God in the things that are small.

Life's commonplaces fit us for its uncommonplaces.

There are no fruitless deeds; all bear either good or ill.

NEGLECTED WARNINGS

"Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not."—Hosea 7:9.

DEATH and a man, so runs the story, once made a bargain—the man stipulating, lest he might be taken unawares, that Death should send him many warnings before he came. Well, one day, years afterwards, to his great amazement, the King of Terrors stood before him. He had broken the bargain, said the man, who clung to life. Death, he alleged, had sent him no warnings.

No warnings! His eyes were dim; his ears were dull, his gums were toothless; and spare and thin were the hoar locks on his bent and palsied head; these, Death's heralds, had come not too late, yet all in vain. Amid warnings, but unnoticed or despised, his Salvation was neglected; his soul lost; gray hairs were on him; and so far as any practical effect was concerned, he knew not.

MESSAGES
Which illumine the Way of Life

The Laborers Are Few

"Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?"

IT WAS the full corn-time. Gold everywhere—gold on the land, gold in the sky. The essence of past sunshine, stored up in the golden harvest, waited for the reapers. Many were the cities of Galilee, many more its villages. And everywhere there passed One whose footsteps might be traced by golden words and golden deeds.

Following in His wake came eager suffering crowds. Nets and fishing-boats were left, the sheep upon the mountain-side, the herd in the field, vineyards and fields were deserted, while fishermen, shepherds, herdmen, vine-dressers and husbandmen pressed after Him. The houses, too, were tenantless, while parents thronged upon Him with their children, anxious to obtain from Him that which neither priest, Levite, scribe nor Pharisee could bestow.

Dusty were the roads and scorching the rays of the sun. Footsore and weary, first one and then another had fallen out of the long procession. Then, overcome by hunger and weariness, the crowd sank down exhausted by the wayside. The pitying heart of Jesus was filled with compassion for the drooping, scattered crowd—ripe corn for the reapers who did not come! Then said the Master: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers" (Matthew 9:35-38). His disciples saw the fields of waving corn, and understood that if through lack of reapers the golden sheaves were not safely stored before the waning of the harvest moon, disaster and possibly famine would result. The Master saw another and a greater harvest field, of which the scene before Him was but a type—myriads of needy souls—an immense harvest to be reaped in the ages yet unborn, and safely garnered by willing reapers of the heavenly store-house, or left to the corrupting influence of sin and ignorance.

Reapers! reapers! reapers! That was to be the burden of the disciples' prayer. And not many days afterward the Master began to answer the prayer He had inspired. Calling to Him the twelve, He first equipped and then sent them forth into the world's great harvest field.

The Scribes and Pharisees saw no harvest in that fainting multitude. They had no interest in the scattered individuals along the Galilean roads; therefore, the Lord of the harvest chose as reapers those humble disciples who hung upon His words, eager to understand and do His bidding.

The reproach of the Master's words still rings in our ears today. Scribes and Pharisees everywhere, but of "laborers" very few.

If the cry has reached you, delay not to obey.

Men and women—aye, and little children—suffer as individuals, not in crowds. The successful reaper is the reaper with the helpful spirit, whose eyes have been opened to see a possible harvest in hedgerow and corner, as well as in the field.

There is no joy to compare with the joy of harvest. But of this joy no man may taste until he has reaped in just that part of the great harvest-field where the Lord of the harvest has placed him. Are you ambitious for large opportunities? Then make the most of the small. Cease rather to measure your task by your own standard of great and small. Until you have done that you will never be as useful as you might be—nor as happy.

God's biddings are always enablings. If Peter had gone into the harvest-field without first having learned to call nothing common or unclean, he would doubtless have labored zealously according to his nature; but his work would have fallen far short of what it was. There is a harvest that calls for your reaping. It may be in the open field, where the sheaves are many, or it may be some ears that want gleaning which the reapers overlooked.

From city and village, from garret and slum, wherever the trail of the serpent is found, there a golden harvest lies trampled and ready to perish. And all the while stands the Lord of the harvest, waiting to bestow the gift for each reaper's task.

SOCIAL VISION

By Major J. Arthur Fynn, Member of American Association of Social Workers

Formerly of Chicago

Major J. Arthur Fynn

(The following is a preliminary address to cadets' elementary course in Social Case Work.)

"THE Lord saith unto Abram—"Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art . . . for all the land thou seest, to thee will I give it—Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee." Genesis 13:14-17.

The purpose of this paper is to show you the land—the opportunity—the task which lies before you as Salvation Army Officers in the field of social service.

The processes by which Abram came into possession of the land is indicated by two rather common—but intensely interesting words, which both required conscious effort on Abram's part, namely: "Look" and "Walk."

In like manner, before we can possess the necessary knowledge that will equip us to perform satisfactory work in our chosen line of endeavor we must, "look"—or visualize the scope of our opportunity; then "walk" or come into vital contact with the subjest by theoretical and practical first-hand study and experience.

Spiritual Vision has developed the technique or methods of Corps Building, which you are learning, emphasizing the value and importance of not only getting men saved, but using system in organizing them, making adjustments, setting up standards while applying commonsense, patience and sympathy to your personal dealings.

You have been made familiar with the reasons for keeping records for the purpose of following up the work with individuals, as you know merely praying with souls at the penitent-form is not sufficient.

Continual oversight must be given to converts until they learn to stand alone.

Many of the same methods used in Corps Building may be applied to doing a good piece of social work.

This is the problem that faced William Booth soon after he became the Apostle of the Poor. His famous epoch-making book, "Darkest England and the Way Out," published in 1890, which placed him among the world's front-rank thinkers on social problems—was the result of 35 years' "close-up" study of the poor and gave him a social vision.

If we, in these modern days, follow the example of our Founder in preaching to the unchurched and neglected either in groups or to individuals, we too, will soon be confronted with problems other than those of a strictly spiritual nature.

We cannot go far wrong if we cultivate the social vision or attitude William Booth developed, because his viewpoint was like unto that of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

We may cultivate social vision by recognizing that Social service is part of our job even though we be corps officers.

Our very success in the past in bringing relief and succor to the needy; our program, which has been given widest publicity in books, magazines, newspapers, War Crys and other publications for over fifty years; the public utterances of our leaders for decades; and the large sums of money raised for this purpose everywhere has firmly established the idea in the minds of the public at large that while The Salvation Army is an evangelical organization it is also a charitable or semi-social service institution.

Our Certificate of Incorporation in the United States legally describes us as "A branch of the Christian Church known as The Salvation Army organized to engage in religious, charitable, educational, missionary and philanthropic work."

We have a solemn obligation in every community to not only "preach the Word," "Be instant in season, out of season," but also to administer to "The widow and orphan in their afflictions," and never lose sight of Christ's admonition that "even a cup of cold water given in my name shall not lose its reward," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Fundamentally we differ in our approach to this subject from that of secular charitable organizations not having a religious motive, who advocate change of environment instead of change of heart.

The Founder struck the keynote, and a similar statement is still included in our soldiers' declaration, when he said, "My only hope for the permanent deliverance of mankind from misery in this world or the next is the regeneration or remaking of the individual by the power of the Holy Ghost through Jesus Christ."

Salvation is our objective. Sometimes it precedes the giving of material help or doing case work. It can and often does follow as part of the general plan of aiding a family or individual.

While change of environment only is not the solution of the difficulty—yet spiritual life develops best in favorable surroundings. As long as we apply the fundamental principal of changing men's conditions by regenerating their hearts we shall succeed in our chosen field of service.

While our point of view may differ from that of secular social agencies as to the causes for these maladjustments or the permanent cure—yet it must be borne in mind that the fund of human knowledge concerning methods of analyzing and diagnosing social conditions is constantly increasing and being accepted by those specializing in various forms of social treatment. New conditions call for new methods.

It is only proper that such an aggressive movement as The Salvation Army should make suitable progress in its dual program of spiritual regeneration and social uplift.

The present generation of officers must study modern conditions and improve themselves so as to cope with these new problems. It is to the everlasting credit of our early leaders that we have moved forward and built on the good foundations they laid.

None would be more anxious than our Founder that we employ the latest devices for accomplishing results these days—provided they are consistent with the cardinal principles of our movement. Study the new ways and profit by the knowledge gathered in recent years by specialists in the fields of social science.

If it is true that competition is the life of trade then the competition we now have in every field of social service should stimulate us to greater activity and efficiency so that the Organization which in many respects pioneered the modern Social Service Program shall not fall behind in the procession. The Army is depending upon its young officers to fit themselves for this work.

No one else in the community can do The Salvation Army's job. Because of our particular viewpoint and special equipment, we occupy a distinct and important place in the life of every community.

If no one else can do our job—by the same token we cannot do every other agency's job in addition to our own. This leads to the thought that: We should study other agencies, their methods, programs and what they are equipped to do in order that the spirit of cooperation can be created and maintained.

The history of social service work in the United States, outside our own organization, during the past fifty years shows that more and more social work is becoming a profession.

However, it is only 25 years since sociology and social science was placed on an equal footing with other arts and sciences taught in our colleges and the first chair established in the University of Chicago.

The Salvation Army from its beginning met with competition—opposition in its strictly spiritual ministration, because most ordained ministers and doctors of divinity were well educated and the products of universities and colleges.

Undaunted, our officers grasped the opportunity and large platform in the religious world which The Salvation Army gave them.

They did not all scoff at education, but wisely applied themselves to study and self-improvement in an endeavor to make up the deficiency.

Their determination and reliance

(Continued on Page 15.)

It's Not Too Early

To be making plans for breaking all sales records with the new

CHRISTMAS WAR CRY

Artists are working on unusually attractive Cover Designs. Paintings from Great Masters have been secured.

Lay Your Plans For Orders Now!

Welcome to the New Editor

ON PAGE 5 of our February 9th issue Adjutant and Mrs. LeRoy DeBevoise were introduced to our readers. The story was headed "P. L. D. B. Invades a Fourth Editorial Center." And in an editor's note we glean the following thumbnail sketch:—

"The Editorial and Publishing Department this week welcomes Adjutant and Mrs. DeBevoise to Chicago. The Adjutant fills the vacancy created by the appointment of Adjutant Vincent Cunningham to Atlanta as Editor for the Southern Territory.

"Adjutant DeBevoise has been appointed as Editorial Secretary for the Central Territory. The Adjutant will bring to his position editorial experience gleaned in W-innipeg, T-oronto and A-tlanta. With Chicago added to these three centers our readers will find pleasure in tuning in to the Adjutant's articles and reports, which he will broadcast from his own station which would logically be W-T-A-C."

The writer was sanely prophetic for the pen-productions which have made their bow under Adjutant DeBevoise's name or through a nom de plume, have been interesting, human and inspirational.

As recently announced, the Adjutant, who has ably filled his position as

Adjt. P. L. DeBevoise

Editorial Secretary in Chicago during the last eight months, has for the time being been appointed as Editor.

Brigadier Bertram Rodda, retiring Editor-in-Chief, whom the new Editor has so splendidly seconded, is very liberal in his expressions of appreciation of the Adjutant's worth and character.

Adjutant DeBevoise was born in Jamaica, Long Island, and was schooled in Brooklyn, N. Y. He early acquired a thirst to see the world, which craving was satisfied in his first job as secretary to the Commander of the U. S. S. Newport, on which he sailed around a fair portion of the globe. Another position of responsibility which he held was with the firm of Tuttle and Bailey, New York, as their representative in Western Canada.

Standing on Market Square, Winnipeg, he was attracted one night in 1914 to the Army by the playing of the Winnipeg Citadel Band. Then followed his conversion in the last meeting conducted by Commissioner Rees before the Commissioner was lost in the sinking of the ill-fated Empress of Ireland.

He eventually heard the call for Officership and was trained in the "Dreadnought Session (1915-1916). He was appointed to the field in Canada

(Continued on Page 15.)

GOLDEN HOURS NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART

Over 1100 Poor Children From Milwaukee Spend Happy Holidays at Fresh-Air Camp, Army Lake, Wis.

Written Specially for The War Cry by Jean Mere

WE ARRIVED at the Army Lake (Wis.) Salvation Army Fresh-Air Camp just as the glowing embers of sunset lit the glorious west. Up through the cool, clean, close-cropped grass we threaded our way—past the large "Tin House," with its profusion of flowers (residence of Commandant and Mrs. Porter, custodians of the camp); under the homely old apple tree; between the tidy white cottages, each with its screened porch and line of drying bathing-suits; down the little grassy dip where the misty breath of evening rose, like an incense-offering to departing day, from the dew-drenched foliage; up again to where the "White House" (imposing abode of the gods and goddesses who preside over the destinies of camp life) stood looking out between the trees toward the lake and the distant horizon.

We were greeted on the crest of the rise by a study in scarlet and white (the matron, Mrs. Capt. Whitworth, we afterwards learned) who emerged from a grape-vine arbor near by. We opened our mouth to do the obvious. Our eyes, by a strange trick, shot past their legitimate point of focus. We were rude. We gasped. Our breath was taken away. "How lovely!" we whispered, entranced, to the thing of beauty before us, hardly hearing the kindly words of the scarlet-sweatered lady by our side.

There lay the lovely little lake, bathed in glory and mirroring on its glassy floor, in riotous array, a gorgeous color-scheme worked out in delicate tints of rose, lavender, blue, orange, green and gray, ravishing to the sense. We gazed (but not our fill!), and then we found ourselves being introduced to our own little spot in the camp's order of things.

Presently, divested of encumbrances, we set out to adjust our short-sighted, city-bred eyes to the vista of rolling lawns and purple-tinted lake, tree-fringed, before the softly-dropping curtain of night completely locked the sleeping world in solitude and silence.

Solitude and silence? Forget it! Over there, twinkling through the trees, are lights, and a sound of revelry riding on the air. After all, the night is still young, some hours yet remain to be plundered of their store of laughter and good cheer. We reconnoiter.

A Sing-Song Time

"Bingo-bingo-bee-i-ee-i—" Such an interminable confusion of pleasant sounds coming from the big building over in the corner; such a happy, rhythmical wriggling and swaying of small dusky bodies on the long benches inside the room, to the sound of the song and the piano; such a gleaming of white teeth; such a constant rolling and flashing of big black eyes; such a variety of fantastic costume; such expressions of contentment on the shining faces of the stout mammies in the back seat; such contortions and gyrations on the part of the leader up front, attired in black dress-suit for the occasion, with eye-glass ribbon and red nose-gay, accessories to the toilette.

As these joyous children of another race and color than ours (guests of The Salvation Army during this, the last, week of the camp season) sang their songs and smiled their smiles, association turned the wheel of memory around to a scene in another time and place.

A huge hall; thirty-five hundred buzzing tongues; the lights dimmed a little; a hush; thirty-five hundred pairs of eyes focused on the expanse of stage below (bare, save for a grand piano, solitary, in the center); a parting of the curtains; two tall, slim figures, carved in ebony, stalk across the stage; a chord on the piano; and then—two hours of golden song; two hours of heavenly pleasure; and at the end: "He never said a murmuring word." Crucified, bleeding, forsaken, "He never said a murmuring word!"

We never knew whether this negro spiritual, sung as Roland Hayes sang it, was the last word in art or religion. Perhaps both. And did a golden song, perchance, hide in the throat of one of these little wrigglers before us, yelling so lustily?

But time passes. Two short and delightfully humorous plays were staged by members of the camp staff; "Houdini"—he of the eye-glass and nose-gay—gave a sleight-of-hand exhibition; the little dog "Trixie" did her fascinating little stunts; all hands sang the camp good-night song, and another day was ended.

* * * * * *

WITH the close of the 1929 season Army Lake Fresh-Air Camp writes "finis" upon the most successful page of her history. Having been in operation as a Salvation Army camp for some eight seasons, in points of supervision and physical and spiritual results, the camp this year has, in the opinion of those who ought to know, been the "best yet." Captain Atterton, recreation supervisor, as well as others in authority, are in receipt of enthusiastic letters from many sources; and a Milwaukee welfare worker is quoted as having expressed the opinion that the members of the groups with whom she is identified have absorbed more in the way of home technic, habits of cleanliness, table manners, etc., during their week's stay at Army Lake, than it would have been possible to have taught them, otherwise, in twelve months.

Compliments of a Naturalist

It is strictly against the rules of the camp for the groups of mothers and children to entertain visitors, but staff "company" are admitted at any time. One of these, Mr. Dillon, the eminent naturalist, pronounced Army Lake the best kept up, the most compact, the most efficiently supervised (considering the limited staff with which the Army usually gets away with its job) of any camp he had visited. There have been absolutely no accidents of any kind, and only one little girl was homesick—and even she wanted to stay over her time towards the last!

The daily camp routine is as follows: Sunday morning the Company meeting is held in the recreation hall; in the evening an adult meeting. In this connection it is a fact worthy of note that on no occasion have fewer than twenty-eight or thirty persons come forward for salvation.

On week days: 6:30 a. m. rising bell and breakfast; 7:30 cleaning of cottages and grounds. (In the observance of this last named camp-rite Captain Atterton has developed a system whereby every child on the grounds is lined up at one spot. The order is given to proceed, and forward through the grounds they go, picking up everything before them). Games and swimming last till 11:30, when the get-ready-for-dinner bell rings.

From 1 to 2 in the afternoon is a rest period; at 2 o'clock there are more games, perhaps a motor-

(Continued on Page 14.)

Where wee ones make a big splash. Bathing at St. Mary's Lake Camp, under the supervision of Field-Major Northrup, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE SEED OF TRUTH—HOW IT MAY BE TREATED

(See the Parable of the Sower in Thirteenth Chapter of Matthew)

1—IT MAY BE DEVOURED.—Verse 4.

A flock of hungry birds watches the sower. Directly his back is turned they swoop down and devour the exposed grain. The seed is not even given a chance to sprout. Thus do light-winged thoughts, ill-wishing companions, and pernicious literature flutter near the soul that has been sown with the Truth—and wickedly, voraciously devour the seed. Reader, follow Abraham's example (Gen. 15:11), "When the fowls came . . . Abraham drove them away."

2—IT MAY BE SCORCHED.—Verse 6.

In this instance the cause of barrenness is more deep-seated. The same sun that invited the growth of seed No. 4, worked havoc in this case and scorched the germ into lifelessness. Why the tragic result? Verse six reads, "Because they had NO ROOT." Some folk take religion "easy." They are shallow in character, superficial in service—all leaves, no root. "That ye . . . being rooted . . . in love" is the divine plan; scorching is then less liable to take effect.

3—IT MAY BE CHOKED.—Verse 7.

The seed is here given opportunity to grow. The Word of God is welcomed. In the springtime all points toward a goodly harvest. But a stunting force intervenes, and the seed-life is throttled. Petty cares, selfish ambitions, greediness, worldly leanings creep into the garden of the soul. Thus the Good and the Bad struggle to grow side by side in one plot. The invariable result is the rapid growth of evil, and consequently the choking of righteousness.

4—IT MAY BE RECEIVED.—Verse 23.

When the seed-word is heard, understood, welcomed, nurtured—fruit, varying in quantity, is the inevitable result. Having cut loose from worldly entanglements, no fowls devour the seed. Being hidden with Christ in God, the soul is deep-rooted in love. Separate from the world's tinselled pleasures and unsatisfying portion the seed grows unhindered, and at harvest time there is rejoicing.

How has God's Truth been treated by you?

The Chief Secretary's Notes

By Colonel Alexander M. Damon

Mrs. McMillan

IT WAS a very special Sunday at Oak Forest, Ill., for not only did the Territorial Staff Band play their very best music to the thousands of patients accommodated there, but Mrs. Commissioner McMillan, accompanied by several officers, visited and talked with many of the inmates, all of whom were cheered and helped by the messages in word and song. It was a most worth-while day and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

New Chicago Building

Colonel Nilson and the Scandinavian comrades are proud of the progress being made with the new Chicago No. 15 Corps building. On Sunday afternoon I laid the corner stone and within a few weeks the Commissioner will dedicate this attractive building.

Joliet Prison

Mrs. Damon, accompanied by Mrs. Brigadier Habkirk, recently spent another full day in the Joliet Penitentiary.

During their visit there they personally interviewed thirty-five men and women. Such visits mean much to the inmates of Joliet some of whom have no relatives and no friends apart from those in the Army.

Miskawaka

Ensign Glassbrook of Mishawaka, Ind., writes as follows: "A young married couple on their way to play at a dance stopped at our open-air, got converted, followed us to the hall, came to the mercy-seat, and definitely found Christ."

Such news is always more than pleasing, and in this case is one more instance of the value of open-air meetings at all times. Countless numbers have been attracted to the Army and God through the open-air.

Life-Saving Organizations

Commencing October 1st, it has been arranged for a Life-Saving Organization Advance Campaign to begin in the Central Territory. The Campaign will conclude in September of 1930, and it is hoped that by this date there will be in the Central Territory at least one hundred new troops and brigades.

To reach this goal there will necessarily be a great deal of hard work, but we believe the goal will be reached.

Cradle Roll Sunday

October 6th has been named as Cradle Roll Sunday. Some corps have met with unique success in this special branch of work, as it offers good opportunities for getting in touch with new people, and also lays a foundation for increasing Company meeting attendance. Make the most of the Cradle Roll in your corps.

Weddings

On Wednesday, October 9th, in the Chicago No. 1 Citadel, 1512 West Madison Street, the Commissioner will unite in the holy bonds of matrimony, Lieutenant Beryl Reno and Captain Kyle Piercy. On Thursday, October 3, in the Chicago No. 14 Temple, 6504 Emerald Ave., it will be my pleasure to conduct the wedding ceremony of Captain Ann Whitby and Captain George Maltby. During my recent visit to Kansas City, I made "continual comrades" of Captains Marie Van Kraanen and Marion Cohn. It was a very happy wedding, and the large auditorium of the new Army citadel was crowded.

May God's blessing be upon all!

Kansas City

Mrs. Damon and the writer have just returned from a three days' visit to this wonderful city, and looking back upon the public meetings and officers' councils, much is revealed which leads to extended praise and thanksgiving.

Brigadier and Mrs. Stretton and the Divisional Staff were in excellent spirits, and the officers attending the councils manifested their love for God and the Army. I fully expect that during the coming Fall and Winter campaign, the Kansas and Western Missouri Division will make some noteworthy advances. It was a great joy to be with these comrades. Reports of the meetings will appear on another page.

Home Service Drive

The Chicago Home Service Drive takes place in October, and the machinery is at this time running smoothly and steadily. As was already announced in these notes, the chairman for our drive is Mr. George F. Nixon, and he is supported by a host of capable workers. It is fully expected that the full quota, which is $349,500, will be raised this year.

The appeal will be launched by the Commissioner at a banquet in the Sherman Hotel on Monday, September 30. It is expected that more than one thousand outside workers will be present. General E. H. Crowder will deliver the principal address.

Training College Session

By the time these notes appear in print, the new Training College session will be in full swing. More than one hundred candidates have been ordered in and we fully believe the record of 1928 will be passed.

The Commissioner is expecting that the new session of "Trail Blazers" will be an outstanding one, and that the young men and women will in truth blaze paths in the important business of rescuing men and women from sin.

"THE RED CRUSADE"

Major Hepper Leads Series of Unusual Tent Meetings at Chicago No. 22—Community Interest Aroused

"When I see the Blood; when I see the Blood;
When I see the Blood I will pass, I will pass over you."

AS YOU may have already learned, The Salvation Army corps in Austin (Chicago No. 22) has been "under canvas" all summer. One of the most interesting features of the campaign was a "Red Crusade," arranged under the direction of Major Charles Hepper, of the Central Training College, with Captain Snider and the four men sergeants assisting.

A huge illuminated cross, looming red among the elms in front of the tent, was calculated to capture the attention of the casual passer-by on the street. Inside, the theme was further developed by means of a red altar-cloth covering the table at the front, gorgeous red gladioli in vases, red cords and tassels ornamenting the tunics of the officers on the platform, and the Major himself in an all-red coat of regulation cut.

Red Themes

The crusade began on Sunday morning, the subject of the address being, "A Piece of Red Cord" (Josh. 2:18), which was followed, in the evening, by "The Reddest of the Red." Children's meetings were conducted by the Major either at 4 o'clock every afternoon, or at 7 in the evening. On Monday the subject was, "A Boy's Coat Dyed Red," the theme being continued in the evening by "Red Spots on the Door That Prevented a Slaying."

The Major was accompanied on several occasions by Mrs. Hepper and Ensign and Mrs. Pepper, also of the Training College staff. As was expected in meetings of the Major's directing, music played no small part in enhancing the value of the subjects under consideration, and solos, duets and group-singing were contributed by members of the party.

New Chorus Goes Good

It was Ensign Dallas Leader, of the Divisional staff, who, with his concertina, introduced the chorus which you will find above. It was sung, without fail, in every meeting of the crusade, and although it is not new, is one of those whose charms are never old, and we herewith recommend it to the consideration of our readers.

On Tuesday afternoon the subject of the Major's talk to the children was "Red Balloons." Numbers of these brilliant blobs of color hung, pendant, from the ceiling of the tent, and, after an elucidation of the subject as related to the well-being of the minds and hearts of boys and girls, were presented to those present as souvenirs of the occasion. In the evening the subject was, "An Expensive Red Dish."

Drawing with a red pencil entertained the children in the meeting on Wednesday afternoon, and, although kings, castles, robbers and a treasure-chest entered into the story and were duly limned in red, we may be sure that the moral application arrived at the proper time and was carried home in youthful hearts.

The evening meeting was convened for the purpose of bidding a public farewell to Ensign and Mrs. Hook and their son, Stanley, who were being transferred from the Chicago and Northern Illinois Division to the Lake Division. In the absence of Brigadier Sowers, who was on furlough, the meeting was in charge of Major Hepper who, as it happened, had also welcomed the Ensign and his family to the Division some years previously. Representing the Division, Ensign Dallas Leader spoke a few words of appreciation of the Ensign's services in the department; and Captain Overstake, officer in charge of No. 22 corps, expressed the sentiments of the comrades with whom the farewelling officers had spent their days of soldiership in Chicago.

On Thursday night "Red Flowers of Martyrdom" was the subject of the Major's address, with plenty of especially arranged music to enliven the meeting. The really big day for the young people, however, fell on Friday. It is estimated that close to a hundred children were present on this occasion. The subject, as announced, was "Stories From a Red-letter Testament." A particular feature of the meeting was the presentation of Red-letter Testaments to the three who had brought the greatest number of children to the meetings, Ruth Peterson receiving the highest award; Lillian Leader the second, and Marion Broughton the third.

Red-Letter Experiences

Friday night was largely occupied in the bringing to light of "red-letter days" in the experiences of numbers present in the meeting. In addition to the members of the Training College party, there were present, and spoke, Captain Timberman, Lieuts. Ohls, Sapp and Collins. Envoy Ramsdale and Treasurer Woodgate also told of various "red-letter days" in their experiences. Captain and Mrs. Douglas Norris, who were present, sang together.

The Major's final address of the crusade centered around the words, "We have seen strange things today" (Luke 5:26), the incident related in this chapter being, as we suppose, a "red-letter day" in the lives of the apostles who followed Jesus in those days.

Although no spectacular demonstrations took place during the "Red Crusade," it may well be said that the splendid interest which continued throughout, and the fact that the tent was filled nearly every night, augurs well for the future prosperity of the No. 22 corps.—M. J. H.

ASTERBILT'S WIFE

By Adjutant P. LeRoy DeBevoise

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BROKEN-DOWN WALL.

THERE was only one glum-looking countenance at the Festival of the Fatted-calf that night—and that was the face of Floyd Christopher Asterbilt. He seemed to be deeply troubled about something.

Reggie, perfumed and plastered and slicked up as if he had just come out of a Broadway barber shop, fairly sparkled with humor, so happy was he to have mother back home—but nary a pun or witticism provoked the faintest vestige of a smile from the "guv'nor."

Mother never looked so charming. The sight of her beloved "X" city seemed to have ironed all the lines of care from her face. She radiated sunshine everywhere—but the door to her husband's heart seemed locked against the encroachments of even sunshine.

The Face of a Sick Clown

Captain Wellawake and our own Captain Dixie Dare were the only two outsiders at the fete, and they vied with one another in making assaults upon the apparently invulnerable melancholic disposition of the squire of Basswood Manor. But his face remained as immobile as that of the man in the moon, and quite as white as the face of a sick circus clown.

The dinner itself was a sheer delight, and course after course constituted a succession of delicious sensations for the palate. But even this consummate excellence in the culinary art elicited no comment of pleasure from the indifferent member. Captain Dare had, several days before, coined a more apt descriptive than she knew when she termed him a "spiritual crustacean." There was no doubt about it, here was no fatuous old fool of a fish to be caught on any man's hook. This was a genuine hard-shell variety.

After groping around in vain during the dinner hour for the open sesame to Asterbilt's goodwill, the party adjourned to the drawing-room. Here Captain Wellawake thought he would try another tack: "I'll ask him what he does for a living," thought he.

"What is your line of business, Mr. Asterbilt?"

A Sour Line

"Line of business? Well, young man, I'm a cider and vinegar manufacturer. Pretty sour line, eh? . . . Maybe it has a souring effect on the dispositions of us folk who work in it, too."

Luckily, Dixie Dare didn't think out loud, for within she was saying, "No **maybe** about it, old blue stocking; you never said a truer word."

The irrepressible Wellawake chimed in, however: "Oh, how interesting! Why, Mr. Asterbilt, are you the manufacturer of Asterbilt's famous cider and white vinegars?"

"Uh-huh," was the grunted reply. "Famous or not, I'm the man."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Dixie. "Perhaps you won't believe it, but I used your car card advertisement for a sermonette illustration last Sunday. You know the card I mean; it reads:

"Asterbilt's clarified white vinegar
Made from best apples
Diluted to 4 per cent acid strength."

Reggie nearly split with laughter. "Golly, but you've got a memory, Miss Dare. You've got that 'ad' down even to the acid strength. How come? And where in the Sam Hill did you find a text in that?"

"Oh, my text was the blue ribbon and its message. You know that across the card stretches a large blue ribbon, and on it are the words—'Awarded the blue ribbon at the World's Exposition in 1893.' Well, sir, I used that and argued on this wise: 'A blue ribbon in 1893—that's 36 years ago—would that vinegar win a blue ribbon today, or only a booby prize?' And so I enlarged: 'Many professed Christians talk about "the olden days when I was saved," "When I was converted we used to . . . etc.," "Things in the church aren't what they were . . ." So, says I, 'What is your up-to-the-minute experience? You were in love with Christ many years ago; but of recent years you lost your first love. A label, be it ever so elaborate, boasting what you were is of no account—what are you NOW?'

"And so on I went reeling off thoughts regarding serving God in the eternal PRESENT. It didn't go down bad, either, Mr. Asterbilt. Everybody got the point; your vinegar is so popular, you know."

This sermonette idea appeared to get under Asterbilt's skin. At first he cracked a faint grin that gradually evolved into a smile; then suddenly the room was rent with a salvo of "Haw-haw-haws." "By cracky," said the amused vinegar manufacturer, "I've heard of honey out of the lion's carcase, and roses among the thorns, but fancy giving a sour text spiritual treatment. You Army people take the bun!

"It's not a half bad application of the text either. Got its hooks into my conscience, anyhow."

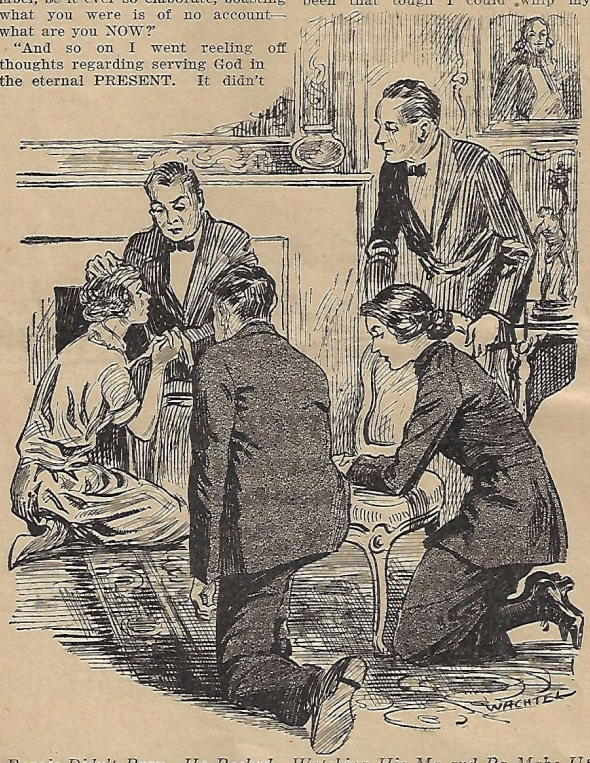
No one spoke, all seeming at loss as to what best to say. The startling change of front, and the admission of a conscience—well, it rather flabergasted the man's wife and son, particularly. The two officers were not quite so taken aback; they had dealt with such armor-clad souls before.

"Look here, Miss Dare!" This with a sharp imperative voice, not accustomed to be disregarded.

Miss Dare "looked here."

"Maybe you think I'm so hard I chew tenpenny nails and eat peanuts with the shells on. Maybe you think I'm so deep down in mire I'd have to take a Fokker biplane to reach Hades.

"Yes, and you sure think right. I've been that tough I could whip my weight in wildcats. What's more, I've been a bootlegger—see! I can show you a vat down cellar holding 400 gallons of liquor—and you don't need to put raisins in it to make it kick, either."



Reggie Didn't Pray—He Peeked—Watching His Ma and Pa Make Up Was More Interesting to Him

"But dad, you know mother and I have told . . ."

"Tut-tut, lad, just you dry up till your dad gets this weight off his chest. It's been crushing him awful these past few weeks.

"Well, I was going to say that I've been spending lots of time and making oodles of money in this here business. That woman sitting over there has pleaded with me to stop it a thousand times, but I've been as obstinate as a mule. Yes, I've not only been manufacturing cider and vinegar, but bootleg booze and bushels of bums.

"One day she threatened to turn the spigot and let all the 400 gallons down the cellar drain if I didn't promise to quit. That was the match that touched the powder magazine of my fitful temper. I exploded. She disappeared.—God knows where to.

"For two weeks I've had time to think over things, and tonight I've come to the conclusion that I've been paddling my own canoe when I ought to let God paddle it for me.

"I confess I'm one of the chaps elaborately labeled, and trying to live on last year's beefsteak. I was converted once. Perhaps you wouldn't think it, but here's one leopard that got rid of his spots. But I lost my first love almost unconsciously, and one day woke up to find my soul spiritually bankrupt. Yes, didn't have enough religion to win a booby prize in a cabaret show, no less a blue ribbon.

A Surprising Prayer Meeting

"Now I've told you more than I ever told another living soul. They say sin confessed is half redressed, so maybe there's still hope for me. If you Army folk think there is, then down on your marrow bones and pray that this million dollar sinner may find his way through the eye of the needle."

The four listened quietly, and with varied and conflicting emotions, during this crude but candid confession. It was evident to them that the man's soul was ploughed with the Spirit of conviction.

"We had better talk with Father about this," said Captain Dixie softly, as she slipped to her knees. The others followed suit, Mrs. Asterbilt crossing the room to where her husband sat. Kneeling at his feet she looked longingly up into his face.

"O Floyd, do you mean that? I pray to God you may be sincere."

"Mean it, girl? I swear I do, by all the thunders of the mountain tops. I'm going to tear down the old shingle with the 1893 stuff on it and hang up a last-minute word on my religion. Tonight that reservoir of fire-water will feed the city sewer, or my name's not Asterbilt."

Ephesians 3:14

She buried her head in his lap, and it was a strange sight to see this big iron man, erstwhile so impervious to tender mood, gently stroke her hair.

Captain Dare prayed.

Captain Wellawake was ready with the "Amens."

Reggie didn't pray—he peeked. Watching his ma and pa make up was more interesting to him.

Next morning, as Captain Dare left on a south-bound train for her return trip, she called out, "Ephesians three fourteen, Mr. Asterbilt. Read it when you get home—and see that you don't build any more walls that need smashing down!"

This was the verse he read:

"For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

Today the Asterbilts live happily in the love of God. There is "nothing between." And Captain Dixie Dare rejoices that she shared with her Lord the job of demolishing that "middle wall of partition."

THE END.

When you are likely to condemn a Chinaman for wearing a pigtail, bear in mind that he is probably condemning you for not wearing one, and, so far as he is concerned, his opinion is as good as yours. BE QUICK TO PRAISE—SLOW TO CONDEMN.

General and Mrs. Higgins

Receive Mighty Ovations in Canada East and Newfoundland—First Visit of a General to Sea-Girt Isle in Thirty-Five Years

Toronto, Ont.

(By Wire—Special to the Chicago War Cry)

THE CANADIAN campaign, conducted by the General and Mrs. Higgins, commenced at St. John, New Brunswick, with a brilliant assembly of citizens in the Opera House. The gathering was presided over by the Hon. J. B. M. Baxter, Premier of New Brunswick, supported by Mayor White and a number of prominent citizens. The salvation meeting at night resulted in twenty-seven seekers.

Halifax gave the General a warm and generous welcome. A great civic reception was held at the station. Thousands thronged the largest church of the city, representatives of all classes being present. The Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, Premier Rhodes, the Archbishop, the University President, and many other eminent clergy, professional and business men were present, all anxious to do honor to the International Leader.

Proceeding to St. John's, Newfoundland, the General was greeted at the station by the Mayor and Councillors and thousands of cheering citizens. This is the first visit of a General of The Salvation Army to the Sea-girt Island since the Founder was there thirty-five years ago. Many old-timers still retain vivid memories of that visit, which has gone down in the Island's annals as a most notable event.

This year's congress has also been a landmark in Army history in Newfoundland and in the memory of thousands of citizens.

More than twenty thousand people attended the various gatherings, and the whole city was greatly stirred. The public welcome meeting in the Armories was attended by an enthusiastic throng, and was held on the spot where four Army lassies conducted the first open-air meeting forty-three years ago when they were mobbed for doing so. What a marvelous change in public opinion since then! The change was admirably expressed by several speakers of the evening, including the Mayor, the President of the Board of Trade, a military officer, and a prominent King's Counsellor. The speakers expressed in different ways the feelings of all sections of the community towards The Salvation Army, assuring the General that the whole of Newfoundland united in offering him a sincere, warm welcome.

The General made a magnificent effort, presenting a picture of the Army and what it stands for in the world.

One newspaper said that "He has taken the hearts of the citizens by storm. It is generally felt that he will make a very able leader for the Army."

A spectacular parade of the Army's forces was a feature of Saturday's events, culminating at the War Memorial, where the General laid a wreath in honor of the brave men of the Newfoundland regiment who gave their lives for their country. He made this an occasion for appealing to the many thousands around to work in the interests of world peace.

His Excellency the Governor, Sir John Middleton, presided over a large gathering of citizens on Sunday afternoon, and was supported by a large number of prominent people. The General's vivid descriptive account of the work of the Army moved the audience to rounds of applause, and caused them to view the organization with increased interest.

The holiness and salvation meetings were crowded, and the penitent-form was lined with seekers, among them being many hardy and weather-beaten fishermen who had often faced death on the ice floes and amid stormy seas. As they cried to God with earnest entreaties and tears, waves of enthusiasm swept the vast concourse, and indescribable scenes were witnessed as comrades rejoiced in the Lord. There was typical Newfoundland singing, dancing, shouting and abandon of joy.—Brigadier S. Church, Editor-in-Chief.

The Army Wheel Turns Again

THE FOLLOWING important appointments have been announced from International Headquarters:

Commissioner Mrs. Lucy Booth-Hellberg will go to South America. In addition to taking up the position of Territorial Commander for the South American East Territory, she will have the oversight of the commands of Brazil and South America West; Lt.-Colonel Steven and Brigadier Lindvall are in charge of the two last-mentioned commands respectively.

Commissioner Charles Sowton, in charge of the Eastern Australian Territory, is under farewell orders and is due to arrive in London the middle of December, to take up the leadership of the Men's Social Work in Great Britain. The Commissioner, prior to taking charge of his present Territory, was the Territorial Commander for Canada East.

Lt.-Commissioner Jolliffe, at present in charge of the Men's Social Work in Great Britain, will farewell during the third week of November, and is to take charge of The Salvation Publishing and Supplies, Ltd., in succession to Commissioner Wilson.

Commissioner Wilson, who has been in charge of The Salvationist Publishing and Supplies, Ltd., for over eleven years, will be retiring from active service.

Brigadier William Cummins has been appointed Territorial Men's Social Secretary for the Canada West Territory in succession to Lt.-Colonel E. Sims, who recently took a similar position in Canada East.

SOCIAL SERVICE SIFTINGS

BY COLONEL FLETCHER AGNEW

Territorial Men's Social Service Secretary

SOCIAL COUNCILS

THIS GREAT event of the year in the lives of Men's Social Officers is now a matter of history. We believe the actual value of these councils, to God, to the Army, to humanity and to the officers present was considerable and well worth the cost in thought, time, money and inconvenience to the institutions.

The two spiritual sessions, when we had Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan all to ourselves—counting, of course, the Women's Social Officers inside of the circle of "ourselves"—will ever be remembered as helpful, inspiring hours when God's Holy Spirit came to us in a very real and precious manner, and when our leaders broke to us the Bread of Life. We were renewed, refreshed, and strengthened in the inner man, and made better fit for the perplexing and difficult battles and problems before us. Just once a year is this privilege ours—all too seldom—but we appreciate it the more when it does come.

Our total attendance was 107, forty-two from the Women's Social and sixty-five from the Men's Social.

* * *

WE CONDUCTED five sessions, in which there were five Bible Readings, and fifteen papers on various phases of Men's Social work by different officers, with discussions on each paper. The discussions, in which all officers participated freely, were perhaps as profitable as the papers. Old experienced officers gave largely of their knowledge, and possibly also added thereto from the experience of others. Younger officers gained much.

In addition to these sessions and those with the Commissioner, there were two evenings and an afternoon spent jointly with the Women's Social Officers. Simultaneously with the Men's sessions in the Recreation Hall, Lt.-Colonel Cowden, the Women's Social Secretary, and her officers met in the Log Cabin.

It was the unanimous opinion of all the officers that these joint councils were mutually beneficial; also that the Army's Fresh-Air Camp at Camp Lake is nearly ideal for this purpose.

There is a saying that the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it. The proof of the value of these councils is in the improvement that will be evidenced in the Men's Social Service work throughout the Territory.

This improvement should show in spiritual results—men redeemed—trophies won for the Master; in men rehabilitated—restored to normal self-support; in indebtedness on institutions being wiped out, and in new equipment or buildings secured, or the raising of funds for these much-needed improvements.

THREE IN ONE FAMILY PREACH THE GOSPEL

Lieut. Grace Brumfield, Peoria, Ill., with two relatives, Rev. S. J. Altpeter of Peoria and Rev. Aug. Suechting of Dixon, both of whom are Lutheran pastors.

* * *

SEVENTEEN YEARS A ROBBER

A TESTIMONY given in one of Commissioner McMillan's meetings illustrates the spiritual results of the Army's Social work.

This comrade, Envoy Strong, now in charge of the Army's Industrial Home and Men's Hotel in Fargo, N. D., told the story of seventeen years spent in crime. While stopping in the Army's hotel in Fargo three years ago last winter, God so convicted him of his sin that he leaped over two rows of chairs and sought and found peace and pardon at the penitent-form in the Army hall. After making restitution to the extent of his ability, and destroying his burglary tools, he became an ardent worker for Christ, winning hundreds of souls to the Master.

He is now as active in doing good to all men as he formerly was in doing evil. In the Men's Social work lies the greatest opportunity to carry out our Founder's injunction to "go for sinners and go for the worst."

* * *

SOCIAL CHANGES

THE FOLLOWING Social changes are taking place this week:

Ensign and Mrs. Earl Crawford, from assisting at Detroit Industrial Home to the command of St. Paul, Minn., Industrial Home.

Ensign Fred Reinking, from command of Racine, Wis., Industrial Home to assist in Territorial Men's Social Department.

Ensign and Mrs. James Dermody, from command of South Bend, Ind.,

(Continued on Page 10.)

MRS. COMMR. McMILLAN

And Chicago Staff Band at Oak Forest Infirmary

ON SUNDAY, Sept. 8, Mrs. Commissioner McMillan, accompanied by the Chicago Territorial Staff Band, visited Oak Forest Infirmary for a day of much visitation and music.

Immediately on arrival Mrs. McMillan asked the blessing of God on the day's program and prayed for each person individually, that they might reap some good from the visit.

Adjutant Broughton assembled the band and began playing to the inmates of the most isolated parts of the institution. We have every reason to believe that those who listened enjoyed the efforts of these bandsmen who play music with a sacred message. Mrs. McMillan went tirelessly from building to building and from bed to bed, speaking words of cheer and comfort to the bedridden and desolate.

Dinner was served to the hungry players, and after a short rest they were on the go again. A short concert was given in the park adjoining the main thoroughfare of the institution. This was followed by a number of short and varied programs at different points of the large grounds. Many folk, old and young, listened with interest and we hope that lasting impressions may be formed in the minds of many.

The music of the band reached approximately 3,800 individuals at Oak Forest. It brings real joy to the hearts of the bandsmen to be able to play to those who are on the downward slope of life and to young men and young women, and even children, whose lives are endangered by sickness. This was the second visit of the band to Oak Forest this year.—L. K.

THE TRAIL-BLAZERS ARE HERE!

Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan, Supported by the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Damon, Conduct Informal Welcome to 1929-30 Session of Cadets at Training College

HALLOWED INFLUENCES CHARACTERIZE FIRST SPIRITUAL DAY WITH THE TERRITORIAL COMMANDER

YES, the Trail-Blazers — God bless them every one—are with us! On Friday night the Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan met the new session of cadets at a welcome tea held in the Training College. There were eighty-one cadets present for this first gathering under their new circumstances. Supporting the Commissioner were the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Damon, Colonel and Mrs. Davis, and the Training College Staff.

Participating in this joyful occasion were also the Heads of Departments from Territorial Headquarters and Brigadier Sowers (Divisional Commander, Chicago and Northern Illinois) and Mrs. Sowers, and Brigadier and Mrs. Sansom. So it was that the cadets glimpsed those under whom, some of these days, they might be called upon to serve. And, be it said, both cadets and officers appeared to be pleased with what they saw.

Brief addresses were delivered by both Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan, spurring the cadets to lives of willing obedience, faithfulness, and sacrifice.

The Commissioner, in happy vein, introduced the Departmental Heads to the new members of the "school of the prophets." There were talks by Staff-Captain Fox, Major Williams, Major Hepper and lastly by the Principal, Colonel Davis.

An enlivening testimony period brought the evening to an inspiring conclusion. The cadets, perhaps fifty or more, rose and tersely told of their experience with God and of their determination to press forward to the goal of officership.

Under the Stars and Stripes and the Army Tri-Color Colonel and Mrs. Davis were solemnly dedicated by the Commissioner to the great task of moulding the lives of these young men and women, in preparation for their high calling. The Colonel and his wife, we are sure, are conscious of the great burden which the Lord has placed upon them, and they will, with the aid of Divine Grace and the assistance of a splendid staff, prove equal to this task.

* * *

SATURDAY the cadets spent in getting accustomed to strange surroundings, a change of diet and of companionships. The settling-down process must have been a huge success, for on Sunday morning—well, you seldom see such a group of energetic, buoyant, cheerful young men and women. They evidently liked the climate—especially the spiritual atmosphere.

This, their first Sunday in Training, was a memorable one. It took the form of a spiritual day, conducted by the Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan. An excellent idea, we thought, that the cadets might at the very outset learn to know the Territorial Leaders who are in the vanguard of this Central sector of the salvation war.

Blessed influences characterized the meetings from the very start. So often we use the term "in a very special way," so the writer feels that here we should say "in a very, **VERY** special way" God came to our hearts during the day.

The Commissioner's theme dealt with a Bible character with whom we were not quite so familiar as with some others. The analogies between the life of that ancient hero and the career of the cadet were vivid, impressive. Stern truth was uttered, unvarnished, without veneer—so the sessions were not only mental treats, but real heart-searchers.

In the evening Mrs. McMillan gave an appropriate address, twining her thoughts around incidents that had come to her notice that very afternoon while visiting the sick in one of the Chicago Hospitals.

Supporting the Commissioner, in addition to the Training Staff, were a number of officers from Territorial Headquarters.

We look forward expectantly to the great public welcome to the cadets in the Moody Bible Institute Auditorium on Monday evening, Sept. 23.

CHICAGO STAFF BAND

The Chief Secretary Presides at Reunion—New Band Officers Appointed

TUESDAY, September 3, marked the official opening of the 1929-30 season for the Chicago Staff Band. For several days preceding this event the halls and corridors of the Territorial Headquarters had resounded with various melodies, scales and passages of vaguely familiar marches or selections. Staff Bandsmen had returned from furlough and were anxious to get back into harness.

The Chicago No. 1 Industrial Home was the scene of the opening gather-

(Continued on Page 10.)

Brigadier James Hawkins, newly appointed Editor-in-Chief, Canada East Territory. The Brigadier has been editor of the British War Cry for the past four years.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

ACCOMPANIED BY MRS. DAMON

Campaigns in Kansas City—Officers' Councils at Fresh-Air Camp—Victorious Meetings at No. 1 and No. 2 Corps

THE time: a Thursday and Friday in September. The place: the Kansas City (Mo.) Fresh-Air Camp. The occasion: a series of officers' councils conducted by Brigadier Stretton (Divisional Commander), and participated in by the field officers of the Division, and the staffs of the social and industrial institutions. The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Damon, from Territorial Headquarters, Chicago, were the principal speakers and the guests of honor.

Thursday was occupied in the discussion of business, and matters connected with the coming fall and winter campaign were handled by the Brigadier in his usual convincing manner. Some spiritual seasons of great power were also spent by the members of the group.

On Friday Colonel and Mrs. Damon arrived. They received a welcoming ovation from everybody present. Casting all formalities aside, the Colonel threw himself heartily into the business in hand, with the result that his Scriptural messages were delivered with power, and those who sat under him were conscious of a burning within and a great spiritual refreshing.

Mrs. Damon spoke with simplicity and inspiration, leaving in her hearers a desire for a closer walk with God. Several new choruses were introduced from time to time throughout the sessions, and added greatly to the inspirational value of the meetings.

The close of the day's sessions came all too soon. The final scene was one which will long be remembered by those present. It was as though the heavens opened, and Christ was there in Person. The last item of the day was the singing of that most appropriate hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered the Brigadier and Mrs. Stretton for the excellent provision made for the visiting officers in the matter of sleeping and eating accommodations, and everyone went home well pleased with the event.

From the camp, Colonel and Mrs. Damon went to the Kansas City 2 Corps, where, on Saturday night, they were greeted by a large crowd who had gathered to listen to the messages of the visitors. Ensign and Mrs. John Kelly contributed to the interest of the occasion by singing a duet, and Mrs. Ensign Peterson soloed.

Mrs. Damon gave a simple, heartfelt Gospel message. The Colonel's straight-from-the-shoulder Bible address was interesting, convincing and illuminating.

On Sunday morning the visitors conducted the Holiness meeting in the No. 1 hall. With keen spiritual discernment the Colonel was quick to sense the vital needs of the audience, and a Pentecostal time was the result. In the afternoon the No. 2 Company meeting was visited, and although the visitors arrived unannounced, they found 122 children present.

At night the No. 1 hall was the scene of a salvation battle. The meeting was opened by Brigadier Stretton, who gave out the first song. Prayer by Staff-Captain Figures followed. The Bible lesson was read by Mrs. Colonel Damon, and was followed by a convincing and forceful address on the subject of "Death," by the Colonel.

By means of timely illustrations the Colonel held his audience spellbound, and many were under deep conviction. After a desperate struggle two young men claimed victory, and the meeting closed with a "Hallelujah wind-up." Brigadier and Mrs. Stretton, with the Divisional staff, rendered efficient service throughout the week-end.

© International Newsreel

William E. Dever, ex-Mayor of Chicago, who recently passed away in that city. Mayor Dever's term was considered to be one of the greatest development eras in Chicago's commercial and civic history. The Salvation Army rejoiced in the friendship and practical support of Mr. Dever, and we extend sincere sympathy to the bereaved wife and two sons.

Coming Events

COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH
(Commander-in-Chief, U. S. A.)

SEATTLE, Wash.—Wed., Oct. 16, Lecture "The World's Greatest Romance."

SEATTLE, Wash.—Thurs., Oct. 17, Officers' Council in the morning; Officers' and Soldiers' Council in the evening.

SEATTLE, Wash.—Sat., Oct. 19, Sail for Japan.

HONOLULU, T. H.—Thurs., Dec. 5, Public Reception in the morning; Salvation meeting in the evening.

HONOLULU, T. H.—Fri., Dec. 6, United Clubs at noon; Officers' Council in the afternoon; Officers' and Soldiers' Council in the evening.

HONOLULU, T. H.—Sat., Dec. 7, Sail for mainland.

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. JOHN McMILLAN
(Territorial Commander)

CHICAGO, Ill.—Annual "Kick-off" Dinner, Chicago Home Service Campaign, in Sherman Hotel, Mon., Sept. 30.

CHICAGO No. 1, Ill.—Wedding of Captain Piercy and Lieut. Reno, Wed., Oct. 9.

DETROIT, Mich.—Congress, Public meetings, and Officers' Councils, Sat.-Wed., Nov. 4-6.

COLONEL ALEX. M. DAMON
(Chief Secretary)

CHICAGO, Ill.—Annual "Kick-off" Dinner, Chicago Home Service Campaign, Mon., Sept. 30.

CHICAGO No. 14, Ill.—Wedding of Capt. Geo. Maltby and Capt. Anne Whitby, Thurs., Oct. 3.

HAMMOND, Ind.—Address to High School pupils, Tues., Oct. 8, 8:30 a. m.

LT.-COLONEL W. GUARD
(Field Secretary)

CHICAGO No. 14—Holiness Meetings, Fridays, Sept. 27, Oct. 4, 11 and 18.

STAFF-CAPT. W. FOX
(Territorial Y. P. Secretary)

FLINT, Mich.—Sat.-Sun., Sept. 28-29.

ADJUTANT WESTBROOK
(Territorial Revivalist)

NORTH PLATTE, Neb.—Sept. 28-Oct. 3.

McCOOK, Neb.—Oct. 5-10.

HASTINGS, Neb.—Oct. 12-17.

KEARNEY, Neb.—Oct. 19-24.

GRAND ISLAND—Oct. 26-31.

TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND

CHICAGO No. 16, Ill.—Sat., Sept. 28, Musical Festival, 8 p. m.; Sun., Sept. 29, Praise Service, 4 p. m.; H. F. Ingathering, 8 p. m.

CHICAGO No. 1, Ill.—Home Service "Kick-off" meeting, Oct. 2.

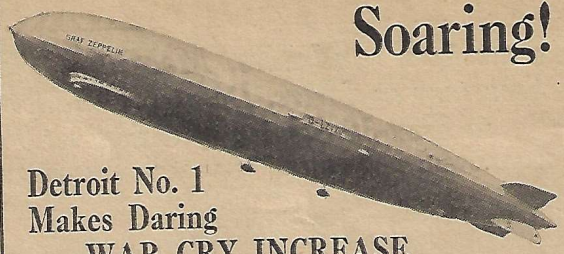
CHICAGO No. 15, Ill.—Harvest Festival Concert, Oct. 5.

CHICAGO No. 1, Ill.—Wedding, Capt. Piercy and Lieut. B. Reno, Oct. 9.

NORTH AUSTIN EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH—Oct. 13, 3 p. m.

SICK MEMBER RETURNS

Adjutant Harry Booth, newcomer to the Field Department, T. H. Q., underwent a minor operation this week. We missed his genial presence around the building for a few days, but he is now back "working on all cylinders."



Soaring!

Detroit No. 1 Makes Daring WAR CRY INCREASE

Good for Adjutant Sandgren and the Detroit No. 1 War Cry boomers! A 300 increase carries this Corps to second place in the Territory.

Detroit No. 1 now takes 1,300 copies weekly. And 1,300 is only 150 under the champ's (Flint) total. All of which makes us feel that Commandant Lewis is occupying rather a precarious niche in the Hall of Fame. *WE SHALL SEE!*

Social Service Siftings

(Continued From Page 8.)

Industrial Home to assist in the Chicago Industrial Home No. 1.

Captain and Mrs. Carl Lowien, from the command of St. Paul Industrial Home to command of South Bend, Ind., Industrial Home.

Captain and Mrs. Roy Wright, from command of Kansas City, Kan., Industrial Home to assist in Minneapolis Industrial Home.

Captain Charles Pettit from assisting in Chicago No. 1 Industrial Home to command of Racine Industrial Home and Hotel.

Envoy and Mrs. Johnson, from assisting at Racine Industrial Home and Hotel to command of Kansas City, Kan., Industrial Home.

* * *

NEW WAREHOUSES

LACK OF facilities to meet the urgent need of giving work to the unemployed has compelled the Army to build new warehouses for sorting and repairing clothing in a number of cities in the Central Territory.

These new additions to the Army's Industrial Homes for men have just been completed in Chicago at Industrial Home No. 2 in Milwaukee, Wis., Peoria, Ill., and Omaha, Neb.

The Chicago warehouse adds 14,280 square feet to our working plant; the Milwaukee warehouse adds 5,260 square feet; the Peoria warehouse, 1,200 square feet; and the Omaha warehouse, 2,772 square feet. This means that hundreds of additional men will be tided over periods of unemployment during the coming winter—men who would otherwise be compelled to accept charity. What unemployed men want is not charity, but a chance to work. Work and salvation are the Army's two great cures for the woes of men.

* * *

IN THE MANAGER'S ABSENCE

A "DOMESTIC TANGLE" was recently settled by a Woman Manager in a Men's Hotel. The woman was substituting for her husband who happened to be away at the councils.

Misinformed as to the nature of the hotel, the little wife was directed to the manager's office. Here the manager's wife was cleaning up things for the morrow, when at the sight of the little bundle of woe who stepped into the room, she laid aside her pen and began the usual, "What's the trouble, dear?" "Oh, what can you do for me? I have no money and no place to go." Kind questioning brought out the husband's whereabouts, why the separation, and the plans of the little woman. She willingly promised to write her husband that evening before retiring. The next morning at the close of the hotel service the little figure again presented itself to the lady manager with this encouraging report: "Husband has come back to me. We are living together again. Thank you so much for everything."

That itself is a reward, thought the happy woman manager. Then came a few moments of interview with the "Great Lover of Souls," who so loved that broken-hearted girl that He saved her then and there.

Dubuque, Iowa. (Captain Walter E. Lee)—A goodly number of friends attended the farewell meeting of Cadet Martin, to bid him Godspeed as he left the Dubuque Corps, where he has assisted for some time.

A fine spirit was manifested in the meeting, and, after the Cadet had delivered the message, one man for whom we have long been praying, came forward for salvation. His wife and two children have been soldiers for some time, and now that he is converted the home is united for God. To Him be the praise and the glory!

HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD

The Central Holiness Meetings will be conducted each Friday night, commencing Sept. 27, in the

CHICAGO NO. 1 AUDITORIUM

Colonel Geo. Davis leading

assisted by the Training College Staff and the cadets.

The South Side Holiness Meetings will be held in the Chicago No. 14 hall each Friday night commencing Sept. 27.

Lt.-Colonel W. Guard
(Field Secretary)
will conduct the first four meetings.

OMAHA FRESH-AIR CAMP

Boy Scouts of America Loan Major Lundgren Splendid Camp Site—Poor Children Enjoy Outdoor Life.

THE poor of Omaha have reason to remember The Salvation Army this summer.

Over 550 children enjoyed a rare good time at Krug Park under the Army's care. The managers turned all the facilities of the park over to The Salvation Army for this occasion and the youngsters put in a hilarious day.

A few weeks later, on a rainy day, ninety-six mothers and children gathered at the depot to embark for Camp Gifford, loaned to Major Lundgren, the Divisional Commander, for eight days by the Boy Scouts of America. The rain soon gave up in despair, having failed to lower our spirits, and the remainder of the eight days were without unpleasant incident.

Ensign and Mrs. George Duerr took charge of the camp, assisted by Sister Mrs. Baylor, the Relief Secretary for the Division, and guided the program to a most successful conclusion. As there is no other Fresh-Air Camp in Omaha, none of the people would have had a similar outing, and many were the expressions of appreciation and hopes for another such camp next summer.

Some of the children had never before ridden on a train; many had never been outside of the confines of the city. The swimming pool was a major attraction, and the Ensign arranged meetings and entertainment that kept everyone busy and happy. The effort was in the nature of an experiment, as the Army has never before undertaken to run a camp in Nebraska. The outcome gives great hopes for a larger endeavor in 1930.

Members of the Omaha Advisory Board who visited the camp were much interested and pleased, and they are anxious that a similar camp for a longer period might be arranged for next year.—J. F. A.

CHICAGO STAFF BAND

(Continued From Page 9.)

ing, which commenced with a delightful dinner, presided over by the Chief Secretary, Colonel Alex. M. Damon. The Field Secretary and Band Leader, Lieut.-Colonel William Guard, was also present.

Later in the evening the Chief Secretary addressed the bandsmen, admonishing and counseling in that way which is peculiarly his own, and expressing both his and the Commissioner's appreciation of the services of the band.

Colonel Guard had matters to discuss pertaining to the future of the band and which were received with enthusiasm.

This meeting was the occasion for welcoming some new bandsmen, namely: Adjutant Harry Booth, who has lately come to the Field Department; Captain Herbert Wiseman, Finance Department; William Orcherton, Archie Stewart and William Sansom.

Announcement was made regarding new band officers as follows: Adjutant H. Booth, Quartermaster; Ensign Herbert Martin, Librarian; Ensign Lewis Keeler, Band Correspondent. Adjutant John Marshall continues in the position of Band Secretary.

Our worthy Bandmaster, Adjutant William Broughton, has somewhat to say after his actual work commenced in the leading of the opening march of the season. Many rehearsals and engagements will follow when the Adjutant will strive for the perfecting of this musical organization, every member of which is playing to the glory of God and in the service of The Salvation Army.—L. K.

Poets' Corner

A PRAYER

By Luella Crowley, Grand Rapids, Mich.

JESUS, reveal Thyself to me;
Nailed by my sins to Calvary,
Thorn-crowned by doubts of many years,
Pierced by the sword of faithless fears,
Heart-broken by my selfishness;
Lord, I the cause of Thy distress!

Let me not care what others do—
Just let me keep my own heart true.
Let me speak evil words of none,
But tell the good deeds they have done.
And if they evil speak of me,
Lord, let me leave that all with Thee.

Help me turn the searchlight in—
To see my own, not others' sin;
Give me the strength to do what's right,
Even if alone I fight.
If all the world should prove untrue,
Yet, help me, Lord, to follow You.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Phil. 2:5.

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: 6.

But made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: 7.

And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross: 8.

Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps. 1 Pet. 2:21.

Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously: 23.

Unto you, therefore, which believeth, He is precious: 7.

—

O Christ of pure and perfect love,
Look on this sin-stained heart of mine
I thirst Thy cleansing grace to prove,
I want my life to be like Thine,
Oh, see me at Thy footstool bow,
And come and sanctify me now!

THE COMPANION IN THE HOUSE

He found my house upon the hill,
I made the bed and swept the floor,
And labored solitary till
He entered at the open door.

He sat with me to break my fast.
He blessed the bread and poured the wine,
And spoke such friendly words at last
I knew not were they His or mine.

But only when He rose and went
And left the twilight in the door,
I found my hands were more content
To make a bed and sweep a floor.

—G. G.

THE BLESSED SCRIPTURES

THE Bible is a perfect guide, restoring souls astray. The Bible is a lantern clear, illumining the way. The Bible is a teacher true that makes the simple wise. The Bible is a lotion fair, enlightening the eyes.

How right the precepts of the Lord, and how they cheer the heart! More precious they than gold refined and worked with costly art; yea, sweeter than the honey and the full comb running o'er, and white, and clean, and goodly strong, enduring evermore!

The Word of God shall warn me, preserving me from sin. The Word of God shall show me the foulness within. The Word of God shall keep me from bold, presumptuous pride. The Word of God shall save me through Christ the crucified.

If I forget the Bible and lose the golden page, if I destroy the Bible and mock my heritage, then this my rock shall fall on me, and this my hope shall lie all open to the searing sun and to the barren sky.

I'll bind the Bible on my brow and tie it to my hand, I'll join it to my doorpost and seal it to my land; I'll read it in the morning, I'll read it in the night, and read it with my comrades, our neighborly delight.

And as I brood upon it throughout the shining day, my soul shall be courageous and prosperous my way; and all the sacred writings, inspired of God, shall be my wisdom and salvation, through faith, O Christ, in thee!—Amos R. Wells, in Sunday School Times.

SAVIOR CHRIST

O Savior Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt:
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out.

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

O Savior Christ, Thou, too, art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

TWO SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS CONSIDERED

By Adjutant Sherping, Fargo, N. D.

What do these Hebrews here? (1 *Sam.* 29:3.)
What doest thou here, Elijah? (1 *Kings* 19:9.)

SUPERFICIALLY read, these two questions seem either to have identical meanings, or to be quite contradictory. With careful study, however, they point clearly to two lessons of great importance to our day and age. The first, "What do these Hebrews here?" was flung at David and his little band by the lords of the Philistines at the time of the fatal battle with the king of Israel, at Gilboa, when "these Hebrews" sought to allay themselves with the army of the Philistines. But the Philistines were somewhat suspicious of such allies and, noting the inconsistency of their action, demanded but one answer: that they take a speedy departure.

Our day is a day of so-called "liberalism" and "broad-mindedness," when such Bible precepts as these: "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord;" "Friendship with the world is enmity with God;" or "What communion hath light with darkness?" are belittled by even those who profess to be followers of Christ. Again and again we are told that the great need of the church (and the world) is that preachers and teachers be not only good speakers, but "good mixers."

The question for us to answer, however, is: What does the Bible say? Does the world respect such hobnobbing of good and evil, and profit by the example set? Do we recommend our religion and our God to men of the world by constantly identifying ourselves with them in their pursuits and pleasures? Is it not a fact that in many cases the question they fling at such Christians is similar to that of the Philistines to David and his men, "What do these Hebrews here?" What has a David to do among the Philistines?

Let the Bible be your daily guide in the selection of your friends, your occupations and recreations. Let us all ask ourselves the question: Does my way of dressing, the company I keep, the books I read and the places I frequent, help or hinder the growth of my spiritual life, and do I, in and by it all, manifest the spirit of Christ?

The second question: "What doest thou here, Elijah?" is God's question to one of His most remarkable prophets who, for the time being, had adopted an attitude of inactivity at a moment when men of action were sorely needed, and had hidden away in a cave when he ought to have been in the front of the battle.

By placing the emphasis on the words "doeth" and "here," we learn that God wishes us, and demands us, to be active; not only a believer of, but a doer of, the Word. Faith is imperitive, but so also is work. "As the body is dead without the spirit, so is faith dead without words." (Jam. 2:26.)

We also learn that our separation from the world, though so essential, can be made too physical and Pharisaical; a separation of the body, rather than of the soul. Though we are in a "city set on a hill," yet we must remember that we are also the "salt of the earth."

How Great a Matter a Little Kindness Kindleth

HOW a baby in convulsions opened the way for him to establish Army work in remote villages in Korea, is told by Ensign Welbourn, now on furlough.

When he arrived in Korea some years ago he was appointed to pioneer in distant villages. He knew practically nothing of the language, but had some sentences, including his personal testimony, written on a piece of paper. For a time all he could do was to go from village to village, reading his paper.

The imperfect manner of his approach and the darkness of the people's hearts, made his task almost impossible. He would lie in his hut, listening to the cries of the women on the hillsides praying for the spirits to give them their desire, and to the groans of the sick into whose bodies steel spikes were being driven to release the evil spirits that possessed them, and wonder what he could do to illuminate such dark hearts.

One day he came across a family in great trouble. A small baby was in convulsions. The "mudang" (devil-priest) had been called, and was laying hot charcoal on the baby's head. He strode into the frantic group and took charge of the child. He was not then married, and knew little of the care of children, but he had knowledge enough to take the baby to his hut and put it in a bath of water.

The child soon recovered, and the gratitude of the family was such that they heard of his message with new interest. They were finally won for Christ, and from that small beginning several Army corps and outposts were established.

"THE fire of a forest will burn out, but you cannot arrest the effect of a cruel word. It will go on slaying, poisoning, embittering, beyond your control forever."—Dr. Kirk.

—

Little folk in big positions are like the dog which caught a train—could not handle it after he got it.

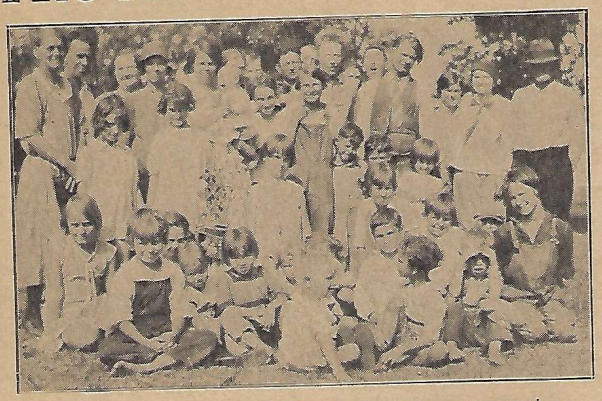
—

"I will not join the church because it is full of hypocrites," said a man one day. "Come on," said one to whom he had spoken, "we have room for one more."

—

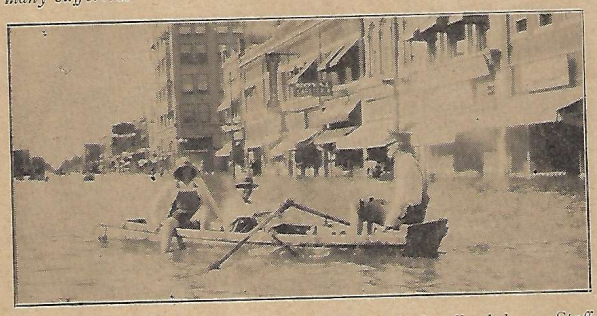
The church may have many faults and many people may be chiseling at its foundation, but it still stands and will be here when the chiselers are no more.

PROGRESS AND PROMISE ALL ALONG THE LINE



Comrades of the Kankakee, Ill., corps enjoy a summer outing.

FLOOD MEMORIES: The swirling waters along the main street of Hutchinson, Kan., during the recent flood, when The Salvationists, under Adjutant V. J. Huffman, were able to render welcome aid to many sufferers.



Folk had to do their shopping in a rowboat during flood days. Staff-Captain Grantham, Adjutant Moyer, and Captain Newton came to the help of the local comrades and rendered valuable material assistance.

The rising waters had no regard even for the Army citadel at Hutchinson.

A GROWING "BABY"

Abilene, Kan. (Ensign and Mrs. Triplett)—Although only a "baby corps," we are still-healthy and growing. Our new officers are getting acquainted, and we are surely happy to know them.

We had our first real services on Sunday, starting with a Holiness meeting in the morning, continuing with a wide-awake Company meeting in the afternoon, and finishing with a big welcome meeting at night. There were representative speakers, and a full house.

On the following evening a reception was held for the new officers, taking the form of a picnic in the City Park. Over seventy-five attended. —Sister Mrs. Brown.

Plymouth, Mich. (Captain and Mrs. Wright)—This week-end found us in our new hall, and God wondrously blessed us. We had fine meetings all day. On Sunday afternoon, Brother Phillips, of the Detroit Temple corps, surprised us with a visit, and helped us in the open-air and inside meetings.

In the evening, Y. P. S.-M. Soby, Candidate D. Moore, and other comrades from the Highland Park corps, were present and assisted in the meeting. The Bible lesson was given by the candidate, and one soul claimed salvation.

We have started operations in our new hall in the right way. We wish to take advantage of this medium for expressing our gratitude to the Baptist Church for the donation of seats for the hall.—F. W. W.

Alliance, Neb. (Captain T. Miller, Lieutenant D. Rhoades)—Alliance is on the map, but not in name only. Two souls recently claimed salvation, and one came forward for sanctification. We have enrolled two senior soldiers. One is already becoming an expert in the selling of The War Cry, and is ready for anything that may turn up in the way of service to Christ and humanity. The enrollment service was well attended, and it was thought to be one of the best meetings ever held in the corps.

Several recruits expect to become Salvation soldiers in the near future, and we are looking forward to good times.

Brainerd, Minn. (Ensign M. Parsons)—Field-Major Northrup and Adjutant Larson visited the corps recently, and helped on the war. The singing and speaking of the Major were especially enjoyed. A special number was given by Kenneth and Ruth Larson, and then the Adjutant dedicated Ethel Gertrude Lecheidt, the baby daughter of comrades of the corps.

At the close of the Adjutant's Scriptural address two seekers came to the mercy-seat, and a number of comrades re-dedicated their lives to the Lord. The meeting closed with an old-fashioned "hallelujah wind-up."—M. P.

Fergus Falls, Minn. (Lieut. R. York)—On Sunday, Captain and Mrs. Elof Anderson, of Devils Lake, N. D., conducted the evening salvation meeting. We had an interesting time and a splendid attendance.

During the meeting the Captain dedicated a baby to God. Both the Captain and his wife were soldiers of this corps, and we welcome them back, although they are only here on furlough.

We have started a Band of Love, and the children are doing well, in spite of the hot weather. With the beginning of school we expect the attendance to mount still higher.—J. S. M., G. S.

Kankakee, Ill. (Captain and Mrs. Stebbins)—We held our corps picnic on Labor Day. There were about 60 comrades present, and a splendid time was enjoyed by all. Games and races were indulged in, and prizes were awarded the winners. The corps is progressing in every branch of its work.

Envoy Schroeder, the well-known "hallelujah tailor," spent the September holiday in Minneapolis, Minn., and brought back the story that, at the State Fair which he attended, he was interested in seeing there a very splendid booth in charge of the Women's Home and Hospital, exhibiting needlework done by the inmates of the hospital.

Territorial Tersities

ENSIGN AND MRS. WELBOURNE, who are on furlough from Korea, are not reluctant to do a little service in the interest of the Kingdom of God and the Land of the Morning Calm, and have fulfilled a number of engagements in the Michigan Division. The Ensign has proved himself an acceptable lecturer; he tells a good story!

* * *

Adjutant and Mrs. Rostett, of the Chicago Scandinavian Division, are about to embark on a tour in the western part of the Territory.

* * *

The two infant daughters of Adjutant John Marshall, of Territorial Headquarters, have been seriously ill, the younger child, Jean, having undergone an operation for mastoids. She is doing well, and we all rejoice with Adjutant and Mrs. Marshall on her splendid recovery.

* * *

In connection with the great Chicago financial campaign a number of officers from Territorial Headquarters have filled special speaking engagements from time to time. During the week Staff-Captain Corliss, the Special Efforts Secretary, addressed the Albany Park Kiwanis Club; Staff-Captain Fox, the T. Y. P. S., addressed the Austin Optimistic Club; and Adjutant P. L. DeBevoise spoke to the Roseland Lions Club.

* * *

The Midland Division is this year represented in the Central Training College in Chicago by Candidates Dorothy Brewer and Alberta Collar. We could wish for more like them!

* * *

It is expected that a great Corps Cadet Rally will be held shortly in Egypt and in Greater St. Louis. Much time and thought are being given to these rallies by the officers in charge, in order to make them helpful, entertaining and character-building.

* * *

We understand that the trombone section of the Chicago Staff Band has been augmented by the presence of Staff-Captain Fox, the T. Y. P. S. We thought the Staff-Captain looked rather wearied the other night—it was after his first practice. But Bandmaster Broughton is delighted with the addition.

* * *

Commandant Matchett's many friends in the Midland Division will be sorry to learn that she has received orders to farewell. The Commandant will proceed to the headquarters of the Central Illinois Division to fill the position of cashier. We join in wishing the Commandant every blessing as she enters upon her new duties at Peoria.

* * *

We have to thank the Elkhart, Ind., local press for its frequent courtesies in calling attention to features in The War Cry which it considers of interest to the Elkhart public. Adjutant Nehemiah Brookes is the enterprising officer in charge of this corps.

* * *

Mr. J. G. Dula, of Parsons, W. Va., who, for the past year, has been in charge of the construction work on the U. S. Government Nursery at Parsons, has been visiting his sons in Battle Creek, Mich. Mr. Dula has been a frequent visitor at The Salvation Army Fresh-Air Camp at St. Mary's Lake during his visit, and, as a result of his interest in the work, has built a boat for the use of the children.

CEASELESS SOWING

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."—Ecclesiastes 11:6.

THE morning of our lives is one of God's gracious gifts. It is youth, with all its freshness, faith, buoyancy, strength, vigor and alertness—the bright clear sunshine of the early years. This is the time in which we are admonished by God's Word to sow our seed.

That is to say, it is time to be up and doing. None should stand idly by, for the need of the sower to scatter seeds of Truth, Love, Mercy and Kindness is so great. We must industriously and with determination grasp the opportunities which come to each of us, and walk in at the wide-open door, manfully, and by His grace do our duty.

Care should be taken as to what we sow, not forgetting the declaration of the Scriptures that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We should sow to the Spirit in order that we may reap of the Spirit. This is important.

"In the evening withhold not thine hand." Cease not to scatter abroad good seed because of momentary discouragements, or because you are passing through a time of darkness and misrepresentation or even because of your own weakness. The difficulties by which we are surrounded call forth the best and the strongest that is within us. Such times also offer a glorious opportunity for claiming to the full God's all-sufficient grace. Let us keep on sowing, giving not up because of the attacks of an enemy.

HARVEST GRATITUDE

GRATITUDE for food received is an instinct of even the lower animals. In reasoning man it takes higher form. Harvest time, for instance, has for ages past had associated with it festivals of thanksgiving.

In the old days of pagan worship the gods of harvest were at this season honored with ceremonies and their temples enriched with gifts. This was before the idea had dawned upon any but the Chosen People that there was a Being whose first thought and every provision were for the welfare of his creatures. Much, if not all, of the worship and sacrifices of paganism were concerned with the propitiation of gods who were supposed, at the best, to be indifferent to man's condition, and oft-times hostile.

In the Fatherhood of God as revealed, firstly by the types and provisions of the Old Testament, and, secondly, by the direct teaching of the Son in person in the New, there comes the sweeter, nobler considerations which obtain, wherever it is realized that love governs, and particularly so in the closer relationships of ideal family life.

In the Christian observance of the Harvest Festival we have an occasion for drawing near to God with grateful hearts which, rightly used, will bring untold blessing to the soul.

Harvest time indicates more than any other season that, all things being equal, good work is followed by goods results.

WEEPING AND REAPING

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Psalm 126:6.

ABOUT THE MESSENGER-SOWER

THE MAN behind the seed-bag is the sower. It is all-important that the seed should be right, **but it is also important that the man who sows it should be right.** Sound doctrine should have a sound man to publish it. A Salvationist is a messenger, yet not such a messenger as the telegraph boy who hands you a telegram. You take the telegram and pay no regard to the boy, who does not in any way affect the message. Is it not so with the messenger of the Gospel? He ought to be a character corresponding to the message he brings, and it has been said that character transcends performance. A man is more than what he does.

THE DUTY OF THE SOWER

THERE are some businesses that can be carried on at home; there are others which must be conducted abroad. A man may make shoes in his back shop, but he cannot catch fish there. It is in the

nature of the case that the fishermen and the sower should **go forth** out of doors. Let us say reverently that our great Exemplar, the Lord Jesus Christ, could not sit in Heaven and see sinners die, therefore He came to Bethlehem and finally suffered on Calvary.

THE PURPOSE OF THE SOWER

HE GOES **out to sow.** The seed and the soil must be brought together, and he gives his whole mind to that business. The Salvationist needs to take care not to be turned aside from his or her proper work, and not to meddle with things which are not required of him. If you look at a sower in the field you will see a man with a seed-bag on his breast, scattering the seed with both hands, right and left, wholly devoted to that one work. He has gone forth to sow.

THE WEEPING OF THE SOWER

IT IS indicated in the words, "He that goeth forth and **weepeth.**" I do not suppose that this is weeping over our manifold transgressions and continual shortcomings, though there is much room for that, but it may be interpreted by such a passage as this, "He beheld the city, and wept over it" (Luke 19:41). Tears stood in the eyes of the Son of God as He looked on the city. Later, Paul reminded the elders of Ephesus that by the space of three years he "ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears" (Acts 20:31). It is not surprising after that to read that "they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him" (v. 37). Be sure that a weeping ministry will make a weeping people, and that if you weep over sinners they will by and by be weeping over you, as well as their sins.

REAPING WHAT WE SOW

WE once heard Moody preach on "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Some of his points were: (1) A man shall reap the same kind as he sows. (2) He shall not reap more than he sows.

Here is a story to the point which we take from an exchange:

Many years ago there lived in Lockport, N. Y., a member of Congress, who had in his home a Christian servant girl, who, by her industry and integrity, won the esteem of the entire family. By and by she married a shiftless, drunken carpenter, and was soon supporting him by her own labors. Her former employer, wishing to do her a permanent good, decided to build her a house on a lot which he owned. And to encourage her husband, he gave him the job, without revealing the purpose he had in view. The Senator left for Washington, and the carpenter spun out his work through the fall, winter and spring, cheating his employer in every way he possibly could. In both materials and workmanship the house was a botch job from foundation up. When the Senator returned in the early summer the builder informed him that the house was finished, and boastfully added, "There isn't a better house on Pioneer Hill than that of yours."

"Very well," said the benefactor, "then you go home and tell your wife to move into it immediately. And here is the deed to her for the property. So you see you will have a nice house as long as you live."

The man was dazed by the discovery that instead of cheating his employer he had been cheating himself. And as the defects of the home became more and more apparent with the lapse of time, he was repeatedly heard to say, "Oh, that I had known it was my own house that I was building!"—Christian Witness.

A BRIGHT IDEA!

FIRST 1929 COTTON ASSISTS ARMY CITADEL

Half of Proceeds Applied on Building Fund for New Army Home in Corpus Christi, Texas

WHEN Oscar C. B. Nau, President of the Chamber of Commerce of Corpus Christi, Texas, handed a check for $655.50 to Captain Workman of The Salvation Army in that city, it brought to a climax a very interesting publicity "stunt."

The first bale of the 1929 cotton crop matured at an early date in June and more than one hundred enthusiastic citizens of Edcouch in the Lower Rio Grande Valley section of Texas closed up their places of business for several hours and co-operatively picked enough cotton to make a bale weighing 437 pounds. The bale, when ginned, was loaded on a fleet motor truck and brought to the Port City of Corpus Christi.

With a deep water port not quite three years old, that is breaking world's records for shipments, the citizens of Corpus Christi were anxious to tell the world of their facilities for reaching the markets with their greatest producer of revenue, viz., cotton. The Chamber of Commerce, therefore, paid the producer of the cotton bale, E. L. Hensen, of Edcouch, Texas, one dollar per pound for the first bale. This was in the form of a premium as it was four times the actual worth of the staple.

Then, instead of waiting for one of the huge cotton boats that carry out 15,000 bales at one loading, this first bale was compressed and placed into a passenger airplane, and, together with the pilot and a very charming young newspaper reporter, the bale was speeded on its way to New York City, where it was auctioned off on the floor of the New York Cotton Exchange, and sold for three dollars per pound.

The citizens of Corpus Christi, accomplishing their object by securing world-wide press notices about the flight of the first bale of cotton of the season via the most modern method of transportation, made the New Yorkers the proposition of keeping one-half of the proceeds of the cotton sale for some charitable purpose in that city and the other half to be given some worthy institution in the Texas Port City.

Then, appreciating the fact that Captain Workman and his good wife were endeavoring to keep pace with the city that has trebled its population the past eight years, and were in the midst of a campaign for sufficient funds for the erection of a more suitable home for the Army in Corpus Christi, the half of the returns from the cotton sale was handed to Captain Workman for his building fund.

News Bits
From Our Sister Territories in the U. S. A.

EASTERN ECHOES

COMMISSIONER HOLZ has appointed Lt.-Colonel Thomas Cowan and Adjutant Agnes McKernan to speak at the session of the Prisoners' Aid Section at the American Prison Congress at Toronto.

—

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. L. M. Simonson have recently been welcomed to the Men's Social Service Department.

—

A recent visitor from the Southland was Brigadier Donald McMillan, en route to visit relatives in Providence, R. I.

—

Brigadier and Mrs. F. Braun have returned from Germany, looking hale and hearty. They had a wonderful time visiting Salvation Army Social Institutions in that country.

—

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Guard and Brigadier and Mrs. Sowers of the Central Territory, were present at the Old Orchard camp meetings.

SOUTHERN SIDELIGHTS

COMMISSIONER McINTYRE, upon his return from his trip in the western part of the Territory, paid a visit to Macon, Georgia, giving two addresses in connection with the building campaign there.

—

Arrangements have been completed for the Commissioner to conduct a series of councils with the managers of the Men's Social Institutions.

—

Col. and Mrs. Chandler conducted the farewell of Commandant and Mrs. Cecil A. Clarke (Chattanooga) for India, to which land they are being re-transferred.

—

Adjutant V. Cunningham has been spending a few days in New York City conferring with Lt.-Colonel S. Hodges on the coming change in the Young Soldier production.

—

Captain C. Langley Andrews, Territorial Life-Saving Scout Organizer, has been compelled to go into the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. For some considerable time he has had trouble with his eyes and after a thorough examination it was found that hospital treatment would undoubtedly effect a cure.

WESTERN WHISPERS

BRIGADIER DEE and other members of the Training College staff recently conducted a meeting in the Redwood Forest. The setting was beautiful, and the meeting was attended by over 500 vacationists.

—

Colonel J. Clark, the international auditor, who is conducting business in this Territory, addressed the San Francisco Lions Club recently.

—

A "Stitch-in-Time" sewing club has been formed among the women prisoners at the Denver County jail. Sergeant Grace Embree has won the hearts of the women in the jail, and has been heartily invited by the two matrons to take charge of the club.

—

A welcome visitor at Territorial Headquarters during the week was Brigadier Henry G. Bowyer, General Secretary for East Africa, who is furloughing in Southern California with relatives.

MASTER MUSICIANS

NO. 8—ROBERT SCHUMANN

ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN, fifth son of the family of a prosperous bookseller in Zwickau, Saxony, was born on June 8, 1810. The first eighteen years of his life were spent at home. He received a good general education, and an unrestricted browsing among the books of his father's shop imbued him with a taste for poetry and for ethics in general.

He began to play the piano when six years old, and a little later found one of his chief delights in the management of amateur musical performances, at which his earliest efforts at composition met with a ready hearing. His father sympathized with him in all his aspirations, and had he lived the young musician's studies would probably have been uninterrupted.

As it was, his father's death in 1826 caused the abandonment of all his plans, his mother being determined that he should be a lawyer, and in 1828 Robert Schumann matriculated from the Leipzig University as a law student.

Steady application to legal studies, however, proved impossible to one of his temperament. He had not long been in Leipzig before he wrote to a friend that he was "not attending a single lecture," but was playing the piano a good deal, and writing poetry.

Together he and a Friedrich Wieck (father of his future wife), got together a little coterie of musical spirits who met periodically for the performance of chamber music. Clara Wieck, then barely ten years old, took part in some of these programs with such success as to warrant her appearing in public soon afterwards.

The year 1830 was a momentous year for Schumann. He had at last made a desperate effort to interest himself in law, but was so overcome with distaste for it that he determined to gain his mother's consent to enter the musical lists as a pianist. The following years he spent in study with Wieck, and then returned to his home and pursued a plan of study of his own, with disastrous results as far as his becoming a pianist was concerned.

Objecting to the natural weakness of the third finger, he used to suspend it in a strained position by means of a string fastened above his head, while he practiced assiduously with the others. The natural result was that the finger was lamed, and his right hand practically crippled.

To this incident, tragic as it seemed to him at the time, the world of music owes a great deal. Finding himself out of the running in one branch of his art, he turned to that of composing with all his heart and soul.

Returning to Leipzig he led a quiet life in the midst of a small circle of friends. His retiring habits, his morbid love of solitude, his silent and abstracted bearing, even among convivial friends, seemed to mark the first indication of the trouble that was eventually to overwhelm him.

In the autumn of 1833 he suffered from a terrible attack of mental excitement, brought on by the news of the death of a sister-in-law to whom he was very much attached. The gloom passed off, however, and we find him busy, with two or three of his friends, planning a new musical journal. The project was eminently successful, and, edited by Schumann for ten years, became a power in the domain of musical criticism.

In the meantime, Schumann had fallen deeply in love with the young pianist, Clara Wieck, and after the objections on the part of the father had been overcome by the somewhat unusual method of a lawsuit, they were married on Sept. 12, 1840.

Robert Schumann

The four or five years that succeeded his marriage were full of quiet happiness, and during this time some of his best works were composed. However, the nervous affection which had troubled him earlier in life eventually reasserted itself, and the last two years of the life of this brilliant genius was spent in a private asylum near Bonn, where he died on July 29, 1856.

Schumann is described as being of moderately tall stature, well built, and of a dignified and pleasant bearing. His habitual dreamy and abstracted expression would kindle into animation at a word of sympathy, but he lived, at any rate until his marriage, in a world of his own. One of the most curious traits of his character was that he would often compose in the midst of the merriest and most uproarious company, sitting apart wrapped in his own thought, but acknowledging by a smile any sentiment which awoke his quick sympathy.

Schumann's career as a musician, in spite of the enormous influence he exerted on the subsequent development of his art, is to a certain extent unsatisfactory. One has the feeling that he might have been able to say what he had to say by means of poetry better than by means of music. There is much that is wonderful in his symphonies and choral works, but they are often baffling and elusive. His songs, piano music and chamber music, however, have placed him among the great masters of all time.

No musician was ever endowed with a more delicate and poetical imagination, and his music is the very antipodes of vulgarity and self-seeking. He had a touching and childlike purity of thought and aspiration.

WHEN THE BAND PLAYED

A YOUNG woman who at one time was a worker for God had grown cold and let her work drop. While sitting in her room one Sunday morning she was arrested by the sound of the Army band playing an old familiar song, "Arise, my soul, arise; shake off thy guilty fears!"

Immediately her heart was stirred and she remembered her neglected work. While the band played on, she knelt down and gave herself afresh to God, with the result that she has once more become an active worker. She related this incident to a Salvationist at work; otherwise the band would never have heard of it.

Well, well, here is a distinguished line-up for birthday honors. Major Joseph Sturm, Sept. 1; Adjutant H. Rostett, Sept. 4; Major T. B. Laurie, Sept. 5; Staff-Captain H. Miller, Sept. 9; Brigadier T. Gabrielson, Sept. 17; and Mrs. Adjutant Kimball, Sept. 21.

God bless you, comrades. May the Lord's gracious smile light your way, and the path be brighter each successive year.

Golden Hours Near to Nature's Heart

(Continued From Page 5.)

boat ride, or a treasure hunt; at 3 o'clock supervised swimming and water games are on the board. At 4:30 comes the get-ready-for-supper call; from 5:30 to 6:30, free time; 7:15, supervised games, in which everybody on the grounds is expected to participate; 7:45 the regular entertainment.

Clever Programs of Entertainment

These entertainments have been a source of great pleasure and gratification to the camp groups as well as to those who have the matter in charge. Members of the camp staff have entered whole-heartedly into the fun, and have spent hours of their free time preparing "stunts," mostly dramatic, which have been very clever.

One of the best programs of the season was a play entitled "School Days," which, we understand, was "a scream;" and the best original "stunt program" put on by any one individaul group of guests was that presented by the colored group, the singing, the unconscious humor and pathos of many of the numbers according perfectly with the traditions of the organization which was their host at the time.

It interested us to learn from Capt. Atterton that over 200 persons have learned to swim during the season and 100 to dive. The 70 Life-Saving Scouts and Guards who occupied the camp during the first two weeks of the season also received splendid supervision, special attention being directed toward Scout and Guard craft, all but two returning home as first or second class Scouts and Guards, as well as having received the camp emblem and various proficiency badges. 1,137 poor mothers and children were cared for during the summer.

We feel that Lt.-Colonel Anderson, who has taken such an interest in the camp this year, his daughters Carol and Lucille, Captain and Mrs. Atterton, Mrs. Captain Whitworth, Commandant and Mrs. Porter, not forgetting the matron, the cook, the nurse, and the eight or so helpers, are to be congratulated upon this splendid record.

SOUL-SAVING SEASONS

Kansas City No. 2. (Captain and Mrs. Crowell)—Last Sunday was a red-letter day at this corps. During the past ten days the Spirit of God has been felt in all the meetings, and souls have been saved. On Thursday we welcomed our new officers, Captain and Mrs. Crowell. One seeker knelt at the altar. On the following Tuesday another sister sought salvation. On the Sunday evening, at the close of the Young People's Legion meeting, eight knelt at the mercy-seat. Two more came forward in the regular indoor salvation meeting.—Scribe.

SOCIAL VISION

(Continued From Page 4.)

upon God—enabled them to obtain results and they led men to Christ by the thousands. Just so in the field of social service we must not be discouraged by lack of educational background—but take the means near at hand for study and learn how to deal with social problems in the most effective up-to-date manner.

Examine the history and progress of your own organization as a background for future service. This will help you cultivate the proper attitude.

Actual contact with these problems on the Field will stimulate Social Vision. "If by faith we cannot see afar," then once out on the Field—the social aspect of a corps officer's duties will be impressed upon you.

Inexperience will cause many mistakes. The tendency is for an officer to become disgusted or disheartened, when he is apparently imposed upon by these charity seekers.

Coupled with sympathy and a desire to do good there must be system and intelligent planning. These applicants may be easily classified in four general groups.

Resident families, who from sickness, unemployment, death of principal bread-winner, disaster, accident, lack of proper management, drunkenness, gambling or other expensive habits, find themselves in either a temporary or permanent state of poverty.

Transient families, usually stranded in town en route by auto or train to another city. Many of this group are imposters and most unsatisfactory to deal with. Their condition may be due to any of the reasons cited with reference to Resident Families.

Transient men, migratory workers, tramps, runaway boys, thrill hunters and the like. This shifting group is a peculiar problem—calling for special study and solution.

Transient women, a separate group with peculiar problems and requiring careful handling.

Homeless children or cases for the Women's Social Department are not here referred to. That is work requiring specialized training. It is always best to consult the Women's Social Department in these matters.

Writing to a group of officers on the subject of social work, our beloved first General exclaims: "It is said that the work of the Salvationist is to save the souls of the people, and not to be going about seeking either the temporal alleviation of their miseries, or their deliverance from them.

"My reply to this objection commences with the affirmation that the Salvationist is under the most solemn obligations to attempt both these duties. He must help his fellow-creatures when he finds them in distress if he has the ability to do so, no matter what the character of that distress may be.

"But how any human being in his senses, who knows that the essence of religion is Love, or who ever read the parable of the man who fell among thieves on his way to Jericho, and the lesson that our Lord founded upon it, can argue against His people devoting themselves to the relief of earthly distress, I cannot imagine.

"Will it be argued that to pull a child out of the fire, to prevent a broken-hearted girl drowning herself, to pick a man up who has fallen on the pavement with a broken leg, or give a woman who is found dying of hunger a mouthful of food, or to do any other similar work, is not the duty of Salvationists? Those who think so are possessed of a different kind of Salvationism to the General.

"But it will be granted by none more readily than myself that temporal interests are of less importance than spiritual, that it is a more important work to save a man's soul than it is to give him a cup of water to prevent him dying of thirst; but when this admission is made, it does no invalidate the force of the example of Jesus Christ, who went about healing the bodies of men, nor does it set aside the commands of the Bible which at every turn enjoin the duty of helping the poor, or lessen the force of the pattern set us daily by our Heavenly Father, who 'maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust,' nor prove that we are not treading the path of duty in trying to help the destitute creatures, who are all about us by thousands, both in body and in soul, AND THAT AT THE SAME TIME."

WELCOME TO THE NEW EDITOR

(Continued From Page 4.)

West, where he served with distinction, afterwards being engaged in special revival work for six months. He was married in Edmonton in 1920 to Captain Elsie Weiss, also of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Following two field appointments held together, the Adjutant was assigned to editorial work. For eighteen months he served in Winnipeg as assistant on The War Cry (Canada West), and was then transferred to Toronto, where he put in four years as Editor of the Young Soldier and assistant on The War Cry for Canada East.

A natural desire to return to his native U. S. A. and an equal desire on the part of his native land to receive him, saw him welcomed in Atlanta, Ga., where he assumed the position of chief editorial assistant to Colonel Sandall, for the Army's publications in the Southern States.

Intervening between the farewell of Colonel Sandall who left Atlanta to fill the editorial chair in New Zealand and the welcome of Adjutant Cunningham who left the second-chair in Chicago to fill the senior position in Atlanta, there was a period of five months, during which Adjutant DeBevoise was invited to preside in the Atlanta editorial sanctum.

If there had ever been any doubt in anybody's mind concerning his capabilities as an editor, said doubts were quickly dispelled by the splendid issues of The War Cry produced under his able direction. Every incoming mail brought letters of appreciation from the Field.

His service in Chicago has confirmed the views of his many admiring comrades. He is not only an editor in the formal, mechanical sense, but is an artist, for his writings are colorful and supported by a wealth of reading, study and analytical thinking.

He is also a very able man on the platform or in pulpit. His messages ring with evangelistic fervor and with a rich vein of thought-compelling challenges.

He is a Christian gentleman and a Salvationist, ably seconded by his helpmate whose virtues and talents are not hard to recognize.

As with the next issue of The War Cry he assumes the larger responsibility, he is assured of a hearty co-operation from all his associates and, if we do not guess amiss, a warm and sympathetic welcome by the readers of The War Cry. God bless Adjutant P. LeRoy DeBevoise, his wife and little daughter.—B. C. R.

Joplin, Mo. (Ensign and Mrs. Hall)—Two hundred underprivileged children were recently given an outing at Lakeside Park, by The Salvation Army. Over thirty-five individuals and firms of the town contributed money, food and prizes towards the day's outing, and the Southwest Missouri R. R. Company supplied transportation.

THE ARMY'S 1930 CALENDAR

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL

BEAUTIFUL FRONTISPIECE WELL WORTH FRAMING

CHRISTMAS SCENE FROM OIL PAINTING IN 5 COLORS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR THE CENTRAL TERRITORY

Full-Page Calendar for Each Month Illustrating Army's Activities At Home and Abroad

Daily Inspirational Selections From The Scriptures

Salvation Army Company Orders for Each Sunday in the Year, With Memory Text Printed in Full, Also the International Sunday School Lessons

RETAIL PRICE : : : 35 CENTS

AGENTS WANTED **OUR TERMS ARE LIBERAL**

SOLDIERS: *See your Local Commanding Officer today*

NOW IS THE TIME TO SELL CALENDARS

The Salvation Army Purchasing and Supplies Department

719 North State Street - - - Chicago, Illinois

Take Out Your Watch

DR. U. B. SHORT is not longwinded

This week his 10 MINUTE sermon is on:-

WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

"LIFT up your eyes and look upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest." (John 4:35). Jesus had spoken wonderful words to the woman of Samaria, so that she was convinced that He was the true Messiah. She left her pitcher by the well, ran to the nearby town and got the men so interested in her story that they came in a body to see this great Prophet.

Jesus saw them coming through the cornfields, and said to His disciples, "Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest." The literal harvest was four months distant, but the spiritual harvest was ready for the reapers.

Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields—the higher plane, the spiritual plane, where spiritual realities grow and ripen and are ready for reaping all the year round. Get the vision, hear the message, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest." And while you are praying, don't forget your own responsibility.

To encourage the reapers our Lord said, "Other men have labored and ye are entering into their labors." How fortunate we are to be living in these modern times when we are reaping a wonderful harvest from thoughts planted by laborers who have long since gone to their reward in another world.

How liberally Mother Earth pays the farmer for his labor! If mankind were only as liberal as Mother Earth, what a happy man the farmer would be! You plant a seed in the ground, and it multiplies thirty, sixty, and, in some cases, a hundredfold.

About sixty years ago a thought was planted in the fruitful mind of General William Booth. Now behold the harvest. It is plenteous, but, alas! the laborers are not so plentiful.

In these times all workers in the Lord's harvest are reaping the labors of millions of earnest souls who sowed good seed in good ground, for the Scriptures declare that God's word shall not return unto Him void. Thousands of bushels of good seed are sown every Sabbath day. What shall the harvest be?

That largely depends on the reapers. The knowledge of salvation covers the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep; the business of the reaper is to bring people to a decision.

There are the big revival reaping machines, making a terrible racket and doing a large amount of work. There's the preacher with his scythe, and the layman with his sickle, and there are others, like Ruth, just gleaning.

The Founder of The Salvation Army invented a fine harvester, the problem has been how to find enough mechanics and laborers to work it. On Thursday, Sept. 12, about 100 laborers entered the Central T. C. to study the soul-harvesting business.

Lift up your eyes and look on the fields. There are so many smart young men and women. If they are not gathered into the Kingdom of the Living God their lives may be marred.

What servant of God will go into his harvest field? Who is the most fit? Why, fully consecrated young folk, who, like Isaiah, have heard God's call and say, "Here am I, send me!"

Normal youth believes that its parents are out of date, that they are arbitrarily scheming against its pleasure and its best interests. But they will always listen to young folk; and, strange to say, they will listen with respect to uncles who have reached the grandpa class. Maybe it's because grandpa is on the verge of second childhood and seems to understand them better than their parents.

So here's a field of useful endeavor for old folk who have been retired before they were tired.

Look upon the fields of business endeavor. There are so many fine business men whose energy and experience are needed in the business of the Kingdom of Heaven. What wonderful reapers they might be!

The greatest need of today is consecrated business ability. Many of our spiritual farmers are a thousand years behind the times.

Sinner, friend, look on the fields. The harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and you are not saved! Our Lord spoke of a harvest at the end of the world, when angelic reapers, would gather the chaff, bind it in bundles and cast it into the fire, but the wheat would be carried to celestial garners.

Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
Must all before the Judge appear?
Then for the harvest, oh, prepare.

The Women Do Their Share of Harvesting in Czecho-Slovakia

Chili con Carne

by Sol-O-Mon.

LIFE! How are you playing the game! You may be a winner in the sight of men and a loser in God's sight. Remember the words of our Lord: The first shall be last and the last shall be first, for many are called but few are chosen, because they are not willing to obey the rules of the game.

—

"Friends!" said the famous politician who was visiting his home town. "Friends! I will not call you ladies and gentleman, I know you too well for that."

—

The Salvation Army has opened a door of opportunity for thousands who were born and raised in the jungle of poverty and many of them today hold

(Continued on Column 4.)

The Wailing Wall, Jerusalem, Scene of Recent Disturbances

(Continued From Column 1.)

high positions in the Army as preachers, musicians and executives, who would have been "mute and inglorious" but for this great organization. Many more thousands outside our ranks can thank the Army for opening the door of opportunity.

—

Many folk who seem to be in a great hurry, if you stopped them, couldn't exactly tell you where they were going.

—

Are you making your way to the pearly gates or to Davy Jones' Locker? Are you steering for the right side of the great Gulf that divides Heaven from Hell?

—

It's not the quantity of time that counts, but the quality of work we put into it.

—

" 'Circumstances?' I make circumstances," remarked Napoleon, but when you come to think of it, a really great man is seldom fettered by circumstances.